

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


LITTLE
JOURNEYS
HUBBARD

H
1159
07



HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY





LITTLE JOURNEYS
TO THE HOMES OF
Great Reformers
VOL. XXI



Written by Elbert Hubbard and done into a Printed Book by The Roycrofters at their Shop which is in East Aurora, Erie Co., New York

H1159.07



Copyright, 1907, by Elbert Hubbard

CONTENTS

	Page
JOHN BRIGHT - - - - -	1
JOHN BRADLAUGH - - -	25
THEODORE PARKER - - -	57
OLIVER CROMWELL - -	85
ANNE HUTCHINSON - - -	115
JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU -	145

JOHN BRIGHT

I HAVE often tried to picture to myself what famine is, but the human mind is not capable of drawing any form, any scene, that will realise the horrors of starvation. The men who made the Corn Laws are totally ignorant of what it means. The agricultural labourers know something of it in some counties, and there are some hand-loom weavers in Lancashire who know what it is. I saw the other night, late at night, a light in a cottage window, and heard the loom busy at work, the shuttle flying rapidly. It ought to have a cheerful sound, but when it is at work near midnight, when there is care upon the brow of the workman—lest he should not be able to secure that which will maintain his wife and children—then there is a foretaste of what is meant by the word "famine."

Oh, if these men who made the Corn Laws, if these men who step in between the Creator and His creatures, could for only one short twelvemonth—I would inflict upon them no harder punishment for their guilt—if they for one single twelvemonth might sit at the loom and throw the shuttle! I will not ask that they should have the rest of the evils; I will not ask that they shall be torn by the harrowing feelings which must exist when a beloved wife and helpless children are suffering the horrors which these Corn Laws have inflicted upon millions.

—SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT

GREAT REFORMERS

THE Society of Friends—I like the phrase, don't you? The thought of having friends, and of being a friend comes to us like a benison and benediction. Friendship is almost a religion—the recognition in your life of the fact that to have friends you must be one, is religion.

The Quakers did not educate men to preach, they simply educated them to be Friends—and live. Those who "heard the Voice," preached. Most modern preachers do not follow a Voice—they only harken to an echo The practical test with the Quakers was whether the man heard the "Voice" or not, if so, he could preach. Men were not licensed to preach—that is quite superfluous and absurd. Those who have to listen are the only ones to decide concerning the speaker whether he has heard the "Voice" or not. As it is now, we often license men to preach who can not. The ability should be the license.

For certain it is, that men who can command attention need no testimonial from a commission in lunacy. People who have lived and are living are the only ones who have a message for living men and women.

George Fox plainly saw that a paid priesthood—specialists in divinity—created a caste, a superior class that

exalted the pulpit at the expense of the pew. The plan tended to suppress the pew, for all the talking was strictly ex parte. It also tended to self-deception among the clergy, for they seldom heard the other side, and in time came to believe their own statements, no matter how extravagant.

People learn to think by thinking, and to talk by talking. In explaining a theme to another, it becomes luminous to ourselves.

And so Fox foresaw, with a vision that was as beautiful as it was rare, that to educate an entire congregation you must make them all potential preachers. Then any man who rises to speak is aware that a reply may follow from his mother, his wife, his sister or his neighbor.

And so the listeners not only listened to the person speaking, but they also always harkened for the "Inner Voice" and watched for the "Light Within." In all of which method and plan dwells much plain commonsense to which the world, of necessity, will yet return.

George Fox was the son of a Leicestershire weaver and he was himself a weaver by trade. He had thoughts and he could express them. And so he traveled and preached in the market-places, at cross-roads, on church steps; just the religion of friendship—simplicity, industry, directness, truth.

No priests, no liturgy, no creed, no sacraments, no titles nor degrees—a religion of friendship! You should not kill your enemy, because he is your friend who does not

yet understand you. To make war on others is to make war on yourself. Do as you would be done by.

Fox had no intention of founding an organization, nor was he in competition with any other religion. Such a movement, of course, depends entirely upon the quality of the man who advocates it ☙ George Fox had personality—character—and so people flocked to hear him speak. His plea was so earnest, so direct, so vivid, so irrefutable, that as the listeners listened, some trembled with emotion. "Quakers," a scoffer called them, and this word, flung by an unknown hoodlum, stuck like a mud-ball. The name of the particular hoodlum, like the man who fired the Alexandrian Library, still lies mired in the mud from which he formed the ball that stuck. That ball escaped the fate of the mass because it hit a great man; had the thrower only thought to have attached his name, it might have gone down the ages linked with that of greatness.

In a short time Fox found himself in troubled waters. He had offended the Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Baptists, and to save himself and his people he finally banded them into an organization ☙ About this time William Penn appeared (with his hat firmly on his head) and organized colonies of Quakers to go to New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The Quakers refused to accept of the sacrament, claiming that no one part of life was any more holy than the rest, and that no one man was any more worthy of performing a rite than another.

Parliament then stepped in and made church attendance

compulsory, the sacrament obligatory, and the protest against war and advocacy of universal peace a misdemeanor. ¶ Those early Quakers were really people who graduated from the church. When the scholar graduates from school the teacher is proud, and friends send flowers and kindly congratulations ☙ When you graduate from church the preacher declares you are lost, and the congregation calls you bad names. Up to 1689 things were not allowed to rest even there, for you were considered by the law to be the enemy of the state. In 1656 a thousand Quakers were in prison in England on account of their religious belief, several hundred had been hanged, a few were burned at the stake, many had their ears cut off, others were branded, and many others had their tongues bored through ☙ But strangely enough the number of Quakers increased. A king can't kill all his people, even if they are all wrong, and so in fear the government changed its tactics.

In 1689 came the Toleration Act, which put a stop to violent persecution, retaining merely the passive sort. The Quakers were excluded from all schools, colleges and universities, and from all right of franchise and the holding of political office; like unto the fond mother who orders her child to come into the home, and then when the child does not obey, says, "Well, stay out then!"

So the Quakers stayed out, not wishing to come in, but they had to pay tithes for support of the Established Church whether they attended services or not. This arrange-

ment still exists in America, only it has to be worked by indirection: instead of compelling everybody to pay for the support of the clergy we reach the same point by allowing church property to be exempt from taxation.

Persecution having ceased, the Quakers quit proselyting and therefore ceased to grow. But the traditions remained, and the sentiment of friendship of man for man remained to fertilize that wonderful year, 1776, the year that man was really discovered.

George Fox prepared the way for Susanna Wesley and her two great sons, John and Charles.

George Fox believed and taught the equality of the sexes. He said that God's spirit might voice itself through a woman quite as readily as through a man; and it was with this thought in mind, and the example of the Quakers before her, that Susanna Wesley harkened to the Voice and spoke to the multitude. Later came little Elizabeth Fry with a message for those in bonds, and also for those who had a fine faith in fetters, and a belief in chains and bars and gyves and the gentle ministry of the lash.

¶ The wisdom of the paid priesthood lies in the fact that it renders a large number of men useless for anything else. Seven years in college emasculates the man. His very helplessness then makes him clutch the church with a death-grip. He is a sailor who cannot swim.

And these advocates, incapacitated by miscalled seminaries from all useful endeavor, become defenders of the faith and prosecutors of all and each and any who fix

their hearts on such simple and godlike things as friendship and equality. Indeed, many of these advocates abjure the relationship of the sexes, tolerating women only as a necessity, and as for themselves personally eschew her—or say they do.

THE Society of Friends being essentially a Religion of Humanity, and therefore divine, regards man the equal of woman. John Bright was always a bit boastful that one of his maternal grandparents was a Jewess, who forfeited the friendship of her family by eloping with a Quaker—there is a cross for you! Joseph Bright the father of John Bright, never voluntarily paid church-tithes ☙ Every year the bailiff came, demanded money, was courteously refused, and proceeded to levy on goods that were carried away, duly advertised and sold at auction.

John Bright very early in life was delegated by his father to go and bid on the chattels levied upon, and this was his first introduction into business. For a time he himself paid church-tithes but never without the protest, "I hereby pay this tax because I am obliged to; but entering

my protest because I believe that this money is not to be used for either the glory of God or the benefit of man." Later, he went back to his father's plan and let the State levy

His religion was one of friendship for humanity, and to him man was the highest expression of divinity. Also he believed that the love of God could never even have been imagined were it not for the loves of men and women.



JOHN BRIGHT was born in 1811. He was the culminating flower of seven generations of Quaker ancestry His father was a rich manufacturer at Rochdale, and being a Quaker, did not try the dubious experiment of making his children exempt from useful work in the name of education.

Be it known that John Bright had no part in that aristocratic and somewhat costly invention known as Bright's disease. This was the work of Dr. Richard Bright, a distant kinsman

The parents of John Bright were both public speakers, and little John was an orator through prenatal tendency. A good plan for parents, or possible parents, to follow is

to educate themselves in the interests of posterity, and this without asking that foolish question propounded by an Irish member of Parliament, "What has posterity ever done for us?"

So this then is the recipe for educating your children: Educate yourself.

Beyond this, man inherits himself; he is both ancestor and posterity. I am to-day what I am because I was what I was last year; and next year I will be what I will be, because I am now what I am. These were truths which were, very early in life, familiar to John Bright. Before he could speak without a childish lisp, his mother taught him to decide on his own actions. "I don't want to study, can't I go and wade in the brook?" once asked little John of his mother.

"Thee better go into the next room and listen for the Voice, then do as it says," answered the mother.

The boy went into the next room and soon returned, saying, "The Voice says I must study hard for half an hour and then I can go and wade in the brook."

"Very well," was the reply, "we must always obey the Voice."

At this time there was a wave of socialism sweeping over England, originated largely by Robert Owen, a Welshman, who at the age of nineteen became manager, by divine right, of a Manchester cotton mill. He was a man of splendid initiative, noble resources, generous impulses.

¶ Robert Owen caught it from Josiah Wedgwood, and

set out to make his cotton mill a school as well as a factory. Among the good men he discovered and hired to teach his people was John Tyndall, one of the world's great scientists. Owen seized upon Fourier's plan of the "phalansterie"—five hundred or a thousand people living in one great palace, built in the form of a hollow square. Each family was to have separate apartments, but there would be common dining-rooms, one great laundry, certain people would be set apart to care for the children, there would be art galleries, libraries, swimming pools, and all these working people would have the benefits and advantages that now accrue only to the fortunate few. It was a scheme of co-operation, but Owen's people refused to co-operate—the world was not ready for it. Then Owen tried the plan in America, and founded the town of New Harmony, Indiana, which had the second public library in America, Benjamin Franklin having founded the first in Philadelphia.

Robert Owen thought he had failed, but he had not, for his ideas have enriched the world, and when we are worthy of Utopia it will be here.

John Bright's father caught it from Robert Owen, just as Owen had been exposed to Josiah Wedgwood. Great hearts never fail, no matter what occurs; even though they die, they yet live again in minds made better.

Joseph Bright had an auditorium attached to his mill, and often invited speakers to come from Liverpool or Manchester and give lectures to his people on science,

travel or literature. By the time John Bright was twenty-one he was usually chosen to preside at these lectures. This, because he had learned to speak in Quaker meetings by speaking. He was quiet, simple, forceful, direct. In size he was small, but what he lacked in inches he made up in brain.

The grandfather of John Bright's mother was John Grattan, a Quaker preacher who spent five years in prison, because he refused to take the oath of alleglance to the English Church. The life of Grattan descended as a precious legacy from mother to son, and all history was to him early familiar through the teaching of this mother who passed away when the boy was eighteen. So she did not live to know the greatness of her son, but before her passing he had developed far enough so she prophesied that if ever a Friend were admitted to the Cabinet, John Bright would be that one. This prophecy, unlike so many born of the loving mother-heart, came true, and this in spite of the fact that the Quakers up to this time had never had anything to do with politics.

Once John Bright was asked how he had been educated and he replied, "By my mother, with the help of the Rochdale Literary Society."

And it was a fact that this society, founded by Joseph and Martha Bright, that met weekly for over thirty years, was almost a university and served to set Rochdale apart as a city set upon a hill. This society discussed every topic of human interest, save politics and religion, boxing

the compass of human knowledge. The wisdom, excellence, worth and benefit of such a society in a town is of an importance absolutely beyond compute. No religious institution can compare with it in beneficent results, and carried on by a business man, his wife and their children, all quite incidentally! Were they not Friends, indeed?

¶ By the process of natural selection, John Bright slipped into the place of superintendent of his father's mill, and before he was twenty-five was the actual manager. As such he had traveled considerably, making various trips to London, and also to the various cities of the continent.

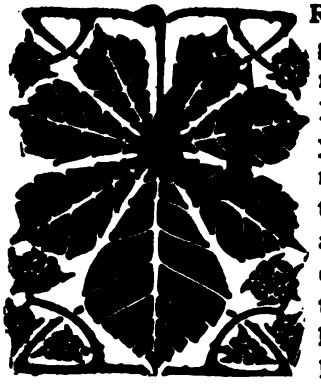
¶ But now in his twenty-seventh year there had been a marked increase in church rates, and the church people were jubilant over the fact that the Quaker mill owners, who never went to church, were obliged to pay more to the support of the church than any one else in the town. John Bright called a meeting of the Literary Society and invited all clergymen in the town to be present, and for once there was a breaking over the rules and both religion and politics were discussed. From that time to his death John Bright was a-sail upon a sea of politics. Here is a portion of that first political speech:

The vicar has published a handbill, a copy of which I hold in my hands; he quotes scripture in favor of a rate, and a greater piece of hardihood cannot be imagined: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," leaving out the latter part of the sentence.

I hold that to quote scripture in defense of Church rate is the very height of presumption. The New Testament

teems with passages inculcating peace, brotherly love, mutual forbearance, charity, disregard of filthy lucre, and devotedness to the welfare of our fellow-men. In the exaction of Church rates, in the seizure of the goods of the members of his flock, in the imprisonment of those who refuse to pay, in the harassing process of law and injustice in the church courts, in the stirring-up of strife and bitterness among the parishioners—in all this a clergyman violates the precepts he is paid to preach, and affords a mournful proof of the infirmity or wickedness of human nature. Fellow townsmen, I look on an old church building—that venerable building yonder, for its antiquity gives it a venerable air—with a feeling of pain. I behold it as a witness of ages gone by, as one of the numberless monuments of the piety or zeal of our ancestors, as a connecting link between this and former ages. I could look on it with a feeling of affection, did I not know that it forms the centre of that source of discord with which our neighborhood has for years been afflicted, and did it not seem that genial bed wherein strife and bitter jarring were perpetually produced to spread their baneful influence over this densely peopled parish. I would that that venerable fabric were the representative of a really reformed church—of a church separated from the foul connection with the state—of a church depending upon her own resources, upon the zeal of her people, upon the truthfulness of her principles, and upon the blessings of her spiritual head! Then would the church be really free from her old vices: then would she run a career of brighter and still brightening glory: then would she unite heart and hand with her sister churches in this kingdom, in the great and glorious work of evangelizing the people of this great empire, and of every clime throughout the world. My friends, the time is coming when a state

church will be unknown in England, and it rests with you to accelerate or retard that happy consummation. I call upon you to gird yourselves for the contest which is impending, for the hour of conflict is approaching when the people of England will be arbiters of their own fate—when they will have to choose between civil and religious liberty, or the iron hoof, the mental thralldom of a hireling state priesthood. Men of Rochdale, do your duty! You know what becomes you. Maintain the great principles you profess to hold dear: unite with me in a firm resolve and under no possible circumstances will you ever again pay a tax to support a church: and whatever may await you, prove that good and bold principles can nerve the heart: and ultimately our cause, your cause, the world's cause, shall triumph gloriously.



GREAT men make room for great men. John Bright first met Richard Cobden in 1834. Bright was then twenty-three years old, while Cobden had reached the mature age of thirty. Bright regarded him as a patriarch, and called at his office in Manchester with thumping heart ⁂ Cobden looked at young Bright with his intuitive glance and concluded he wanted work. Cobden saw by his caller's

clothes that he was a Quaker, and in an instant had decided to employ him.

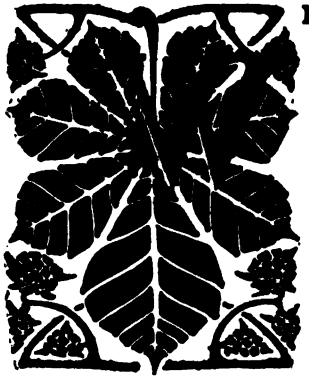
In relating the incident, years after, Cobden said, "I was wrong in my conclusions—I thought he had come to me for work; instead he had come to hire me. He wanted me to go over to Rochdale and lecture for his Literary Society."

When you go to a business man and ask him to lecture you catch him with his guard down. Cobden was complimented—he asked questions about the Bright Mill at Rochdale, and was ashamed to note that although it was only a few miles away, he did not know of the spirit of humanity that dwelt in that particular commercial venture. The Brights were doing the very things which he was advocating—making business both a religion and an art. "My love went out to the gentle-voiced stranger," said Cobden, "and I was ashamed at my ignorance concerning the fine souls at my very door, who were actually carrying into execution the things which I had prided myself on having originated."

So Cobden went over to Rochdale to lecture, and there began that friendship between two strong men that only death could sever—and possibly even death did not, I really can not say. But for many years Cobden was to speak at Rochdale—several times a year. Whenever he heard the Voice he went over to Rochdale and told his friends, the mill-workers, what had

come to him. ¶ "When I had a big speech to make in London I always visited Rochdale and gave my message first, for the Brights had trained their audiences to think, and if they understood, I felt I could take my chances in the House of Commons."

So Bright helped to evolve Cobden, and Cobden was a prime factor in the evolution of Bright. As the years went by, these men grew to look alike, and the term "David and Jonathan" seemed a fitting phrase for them, only no one could really say which was David and which Jonathan.



HEN John Bright was twenty-eight years old he married Elizabeth Priestman, a woman near his own age, and a person like himself, of power ❧ It seemed an ideal mating—they loved the same things. Many plans were made, for lovers are always given to planning. There was to be a cottage in the hills where they were to live like peasants, without servants or equipage, and there John was to write a wonderful history of civilization, and make a forecast of the future, showing how the regeneration of the

world was to come by wedding ethics to business. ¶ The plan never materialized ❧ John and Elizabeth journeyed together for two years, and then she died and was buried in her wedding dress, holding a spray of syringa in her stiff, blue-veined hands.

John Bright had arranged to have the funeral very simple in all of its arrangements—all quite Quaker-like. He himself was going to make a little speech, telling how the Voice had said to him that death was as natural as life, and perhaps just as good, and that she who was dead had no fear of death, but greeted it as an initiation, her only care being for the living.

But John Bright did not make the speech. He held in his arms his motherless baby girl, a little over a year old, and the baby laughed and pulled his hair in childish glee, and John Bright groping for words found them not. He took his seat, dumb. A Quakeress arose, a worker in the mills, and made the speech which he had intended to give—perhaps she made a better one.

¶ John Bright had only turned thirty, but he thought that life for him was then and thereafter but a blank. He did not realize that whether death is an initiation for the dead or not, it surely is for the living. To stand by an open grave and behold the sky shut down on less worth in the world is a mile-stone—an epoch ❧ A month of dumb, dragging, bitter grief followed, and Richard Cobden came up from Manchester to visit his friend. Cobden had a message for Bright. It was this:

"Grief hugged to the heart is a kind of selfish joy. To live is to think, to work, to act ✤ At this moment thousands of women and children are starving in England—absolutely perishing for lack of bread. Come with me and help remove the tax that places food out of the reach of many. Transmute grief for the dead into love for the living ✤ Let us never rest until the Corn Laws are abolished—Come!" To dedicate himself to humanity now seemed easy for John Bright. This he did, and life took on a great, quiet sanctity, purified and refined by death.

The baby girl grew into beautiful womanhood. She is now a grandmother with children grown, and true to tradition, as becomes the daughter of her father, she has recently made herself notorious for the many and famous for the few, by heading an appeal to Parliament in favor of woman's suffrage. For the same cause comes Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, daughter of Richard Cobden, and spends four months in jail for insisting that her political preferences shall be officially recorded. We do move that precious slow!

BRIGHT now took up the big business of the repeal of the anti-Corn-Law-League, and devoted himself to the issue, even to neglecting his private affairs. The "League" had headquarters in Manchester, and Bright was its practical head. Cobden was then making a tour of the provinces, speaking at school houses, town halls and market places, endeavoring to show the folly of maintaining a tax on food. The idea was then conceived of Cobden and Bright traveling together, going into the enemy's country, and offering to debate the issue with all comers. The challenge aroused the people, and wherever the orators went, they spoke to the capacity of the hall. Cobden opened the debate, started the question in a half-hour speech, and then the meeting was thrown open for the opposition. Occasionally a man replied, often a clergyman of local oratorical reputation being put forward by the landlords.

Bright then finished him and polished him off in a way that made any further opposition impossible. Bright had certain well-defined ideas about the clergy that took with the people, and a braver man never stood on a platform. A taste of his quality:

The declaration of the Church as by law established, makes me say that I believe that the Establishment has been the means of increasing individual piety and national prosperity. But individually I would ask, how comes it that England is now, as regards a vast proportion of her population, ignorant and irreligious —how is it that while the Church has had the King for its head and governor, the two Houses of Parliament to support it, and the whole influence of the aristocracy and landed gentry of the country to boot (with the advantage of being educated at Oxford and Cambridge, from which Dissenters have been shut out)—that while the Church has had millions upon millions to work upon, drawn not only from her own party, but from the property of Dissenters—I ask how comes it that England is neither a sober nor a moral country, and that vice in every shape rears its horrid front? Does it not prove that there is a radical error in the system? By the union of the people of England advantages of no trifling amount have lately been gained: the barrier of the Test Acts has been broken down; the system of parliamentary corruption has been stormed with success; and I trust the time is not far distant when the consciences of men will be no longer shackled by the restrictions of the civil power, when religious liberty will take the place of toleration, and when men will wonder that a monopoly ever existed which ordained state priests sole venders of the lore that works salvation.

The farmers were in opposition to the League, being told by the landlords that if breadstuffs were allowed to come into the United Kingdom free, the tillers of the soil would be made bankrupt.

Cobden was a ready speaker, and his knowledge of history and economics commanded respect, but Bright's oratory went to their hearts. Bright had a touch of the true Methodist fervor which won the hearer without making too much of a demand on his intellect.

Shortly after Cobden and Bright made their alliance, Cobden ran for Parliament and was elected. "The one thing that formed the pivotal point and won the farmers as well as the men of Manchester, was the oratory of John Bright," said Gladstone.

The term "Manchester men" was flung at Cobden and Bright and stuck. It meant that they were merely manufacturers, neither scholars nor gentlemen. Bright had modified the severity of the Quaker costume, but wore the soft, grey colors with hat to match, "because," said his enemies, "it is so effective."

Cobden being now in the House of Commons, Bright called himself "Secretary of the Exterior," and often fought the good fight alone, speaking on an average three nights a week, and the rest of the time attending to his business.

Two years after Cobden's election, Bright was obliged to purchase a solemn suit of black and a chimney-pot hat, for he, too, had been chosen a member of the House of Commons.

"Another Manchester man—I do declare, you know, it will be a convention of bagmen, yet!" remarked

Sir Robert Peel, as he adjusted his monocle ❧ Peel, however, grew to have a very wholesome respect for "The Manchester men." They could neither be bribed, bought nor bullied. They had money enough to free them from temptation, and they could think on their feet. They were in the minority, but it was a minority that could not be snubbed nor subdued.

The total repeal of the Corn Laws came in 1849, but not until both Cobden and Bright had been threatened with criminal proceedings for inciting revolution. However, the ministry backed down, the new era came and proved to be one of peace and great prosperity. ¶ John Bright worked for humanity. To his voice, more than to any other, Ireland owes her freedom from the "Establishment."

He struggled to free England from the clutch of the Established Church, but admitted at last that it would require time to unloose the grip of the clergy from their perquisites. Always and forever he argued and voted against war, or any increase of armament, even when he stood alone ❧ And once he forfeited his seat for a term by going against the popular cry for blood. John Bright is a good example of a man with the study habit. Not only did he carry on a great private business, and at the same time bear heavy burdens in the management of his country's affairs, but he was always a student, always a learner, and also always a teacher ❧ In point of personality he bears a close

resemblance to Thomas J. Foster, originator of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pennsylvania. Foster is both a business man and a humanitarian. Neither he nor John Bright, nor Richard Cobden ever divorced ethics from business, religion from work, nor life from education.

John Bright possessed a perennial good cheer, a sterling honesty and always and forever a tender, sympathetic heart. These things seemed to spring naturally, easily and gently from his nature; they were the habits of his life. And having acquired good habits his judgment was almost uniformly correct; his actions manly; his temper considerate; his opinion right. Private business was to John Bright public trust. He, of all men, knew that the only way to help one's self is to help others.

During our Civil War, John Bright sided with the North, and fired his broadsides of scorn at the many in the House of Commons who hoped and prayed that the United States would no longer be united.

In 1868, under Gladstone as Premier, Bright was chosen president of the Board of Trade, being the first Quaker to hold a cabinet office.

John Bright was a rich man, and his life proves what riches can do when rightly used. That his example of absolute honesty and adherance to principle sets him apart as a character, luminous and unique, is an indictment of the times in which we live.

GREAT REFORMERS—John Bright

John Bright's energy, eloquence, purity of conduct, sincerity of purpose, his freedom from petty quarrels, his unselfishness, his lofty ideals, his noble discontent and prophetic outlook have tinted the entire zeitgeist, and are discovering for us that Utopia is HERE NOW, IF WE WILL BUT HAVE IT SO.





Bradlaugh



Bradaugh

JOHN BRADLAUGH

THE Right Hon. Baronet has said there has been no word of recantation. The Right Hon. Baronet speaks truth. There has been no recantation, neither will there be. You have no right to ask me for any recantation. You have no right to ask me for anything. If I am legally disqualified, lay the case before the courts. When you ask me to make a statement, you are guilty of impertinence to me, of treason to the traditions of this House, and of impeachment of the liberties of the people ... I beg you now, do not plunge me into a struggle I would shun. The law gives me no remedy if the House decides against me. Do not mock at the constituencies. If you place yourself above the law, you leave me no course save lawless agitation, instead of reasonable pleading. It is easy to begin such a strife, but none knows how it would end ... You think I am an obnoxious man, and that I have no one on my side. If that be so, then the more reason that this House, grand in the strength of its centuries of liberty, should have now that generosity in dealing with one who to-morrow may be forced into a struggle for public opinion against it.

—BRADLAUGH to the House of Commons

GREAT REFORMERS

THOMAS PAINE, Robert Ingersoll and Charles Bradlaugh form a trinity of names inseparably linked. The memory of Paine was for many years covered beneath the garbage of prevarication. In order to find the man we had to excavate for him. Happily, with the help of Rev. Moncure D. Conway, we found him.

Ingersoll's life lies open to us, and the honest, loving, and gentle nature of the man is beyond dispute. The pious pedants who tried to traduce him were self-indicted. No one now even thinks to answer them. The man who said, "In a world where death is, there is no time to hate," needs no defense. We smile. With Bradlaugh it is the same. His biography in two volumes, by his daughter, is a very human document. The work is worthy of comparison with that most excellent book, the life of Huxley by his son.

The essence of good biography lies largely in indiscretion. This loving daughter's tribute to her father tells things which some might say do no honor to anybody. Quite true, but these are the corroborating things which inform us that the book is truth.

Charles Bradlaugh performed for England the same

service that Robert Ingersoll did for America ❧ Both presented the minority report. Through their influence the Church was able to renounce the devil and all his works ❧ ❧

These men were both born in the year 1833, about a month apart. In many ways they were very much alike ❧ In physique they were heroic; both were lawyers; both were natural orators.

Bradlaugh, however, began his radical career before he was of age, while Ingersoll was nearly forty before he set aside diplomacy and ceased wooing bronchitis. ¶ Charles Bradlaugh was the first child of a worthy clerk married to a housemaid. His father never earned more than two guineas a week. All these parents ever did for their son was to supply him with physical life, and teach him by antithesis ❧ No trace can be found that he in any mental characteristic resembled either. Parents are evidently people who are used for a purpose by a Something.

Bradlaugh's parents were wedded to the established order, and never doubted the literal inspiration of the scriptures. They also believed in the divine origin of the prayer book, a measure of credulity which although commendable, is, I believe, not required. These parents were severe, exacting, imperious—not bad nor exactly cruel—simply "consistent." They believed that man was a worm of the dust, and stood by the traditions ❧ They believed in the dogma of total

depravity and lived up to it. ¶ A bundle of old clothes sent yearly from a rich cousin in Kent was an epoch. Sugar in the house was out of the question, and once when the rich cousin in Kent, who was an omnibus inspector, sent a pound of brown sugar in the pocket of an old coat, the sweets suddenly vanished. Charles was accused and stubbornly denied the theft. He was then punished with the handy strap for both the denial and the larceny. Later it turned out that a little girl next door stole the sugar, and when Charles refused to inform on her, she informed on herself. Then the boy was again whipped because he had not informed on the girl. Charles got all of the disgrace and none of the sugar.

Charles was sent to a "ragged school" and became, at the mature age of ten, so exact a penman that he almost rivalled his father, who could write the Lord's Prayer on the back of a postage stamp. At this school, beside getting an education, Charles got pedagogic scars on his body which ten years later when he enlisted in the army, were noted in the physical description.

The daughter of Bradlaugh has in her possession a beautiful motto from Scripture done into antique text by the lad for his mother when the boy was nine years old. All around the motto are flying birds penned in pure Spencerian. The motto is this, "Then said Joab, I may not tarry long with thee. And he took

three darts in his hand and thrust them through the heart of Absalom while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. And ten young men of Joab's smote Absalom and slew him." This was before the art of working mottoes with worsted in perforated cardboard had been perfected.

When ten years of age Charles was taken from school and hired out as an office boy at five shillings a week, the money being paid to the father and duly used for the support of the family. It is good to see, though, that at that early day the expense account was made to serve its legitimate use. When the boy had bundles to deliver and was given money for 'bus fare, he walked and kept the fare. The bridge toll was a half-penny and by climbing aboard of a wagon this was saved. To be back on time he would run. He became an expert in catching on 'buses and riding on the axle of cabs, well out of reach of the driver's whip. With the money so saved he bought penny tracts on politics, history and religion. One day he was sent to deliver a bundle to Mark Marsden, a writer and publisher. Charles did not know the man, but in his hand, all unconsciously, he carried a tract written by Marsden. Nothing interests an author like a copy of his own amusing works. Marsden gave the boy two pats on the head, a bun, a half-crown and three penny pamphlets on political economy.

Charles went away stepping high, but his tongue was

so paralyzed by surprise and joy, that he forgot to thank the man. Twenty years after he remembered the transaction vividly—it was the first real human kindness that had ever come his way. He told of it, standing on the same platform with Marsden and speaking to two thousand people. Marsden had forgotten the incident—happy Marsden, who gave out love and joy as he journeyed and made no notes. This little story proves two things: That authors are not wholly bad, and that kindness to a boy is a good investment. Boys grow to be men—at least some do, and I trust it will not be denied that all men were once boys. Bradlaugh, to the day of his death, was always kind to boys. He realized that with them he was dealing with soul-stuff, and that destiny awaited just around the corner.

When Charles was fourteen years old he had gravitated to the cashier's desk, and his pay was twelve shillings a week.

He was large of his age, and the life of the streets had sharpened his wits, so he was old for his years. He was studious and very religious, as children struggling with adolescence often are. Sundays were sacred to church, morning and evening, and the spare hours were given over to reading the lives of the martyrs. Only on week days did he read history or political tracts. In Sunday School he was a very promising teacher.

Then comes in one the Rev. J. G. Packer, incumbent of St. Peters, who lives in history only because he entered into a quarrel with this boy.

Young Bradlaugh was preparing for confirmation; he could say the catechism backward and forward, and he also knew Bible history from Genesis to Revelation. But he could not reconcile certain portions of Bible history with our belief in an all-loving, and an all-wise and ever just God. So he wrote to his pastor a long and respectful letter in precise and exact Spencerian, asking for light.

Now the Rev. J. G. Packer regarded interrogation as proof of depravity and straightway sent the letter to the boy's father. At the same time he suspended the youth for three months from Sunday School, denouncing him before the school as atheistical, all this in the interests of discipline. These tactics of coercion were the rule a hundred years ago, and the Rev. J. G. Packer had simply lost his reckoning as to longitude and time. There was a violent scene between father and son, and the boy being too big to chastise, was simply handed a few pages of Billingsgate.

At this time Bonner's Fields was a great place for open air meetings. The custom of public speaking in London parks still continues, and on any pleasant Sunday afternoon one can hear all kinds of orthodox and heretical vagaries defended on the turf. Young Bradlaugh took to the open air meetings, and lifted

up his voice in praise, feeling the usual stimulus and joyous uplift that goes with martyrdom. After his own orthodox service was over, he sought out the opposition and tried to silence the infidels in debate. One of these infidels, in pity for the boy's innocence and ignorance, loaned him a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason." Up to this time he had never heard of Paine. Now he began to study him, and he began by reading his life. From this he gleaned the fact that Paine had suffered for conscience sake and had been driven out of England, just as he, himself, had been driven out of the church. ¶ The three months' suspension having expired, young Bradlaugh was invited to come back into the fold. But he did not come. He had been learning things. Paine and persecution had sharpened his mind. I do not believe that Packer drove Bradlaugh into atheism, but I do believe that he hastened the process by about twenty years. Bradlaugh did not have the quality of mind that could ever have been encysted by orthodoxy.

Boyhood was being left behind. He had joined a Free Thinker's Club which met at a coffee-house kept by Mrs. Richard Carlile who had come up from London, alone, from the country, and published a little magazine devoted to the rights of woman. She had kept up the fight for freedom for a score of years. Poverty and calumny could not subdue her. She was bordering on fifty, and spoke in the parks, to all and any who would

listen, scorning to take up a collection. ¶ Her private character was beyond reproach. Indeed, her namesake, Tammas the Titan, who spelled his name in a different way, speaks of her as one "insultingly virtuous." And so the Rev. J. G. Packer discovered that young Bradlaugh was "loitering at the coffee-house of that Jezebel, the Carlile woman." Straightway he wrote a letter to young Bradlaugh giving him three days in which to return to the church, renouncing all infidel beliefs, or his employers would be informed of his habits, in which case his cashiership would be taken from him. ¶ This letter was evidently the joint work of the boy's parents and the busy and unctious clergyman. The only trouble was that their plan worked too well.

The boy believing that it meant the loss of his position, was desperate. He waited until two days had expired, and then on the morning of the third boldly resigned his position, and taking his scanty effects left home forever. Thus began that lifelong fight for freedom, which ended only with his death.

AND so we find Charles Bradlaugh absolutely severed from his parents. He used to walk up and down past the home that was once his, but his sisters were forbidden, on pain of being turned into the streets, to speak to him.

That he suffered terribly there is no doubt; but that a fine, sustaining pride was his, is equally true. Sorrow is never quite all sorrow, and most funerals carry with them a dash of consoling satisfaction for the mourners.

Young Bradlaugh now began to concentrate on his books—he felt sure that he had a mission. He became a waiter at a coffee-house, then a clerk, next a salesman, but the reputation of being an infidel followed him, and he could not disprove the charge. In fact I do not think he tried to, for on Sundays he was at Hyde Park lecturing on temperance and saying unsavory things about the clergy on account of their indifference concerning the real needs of the people. ¶ A teetotaler in England then was almost as much of a curiosity as in the days of Franklin. Young Bradlaugh seemed to possess all the heresies. He became a vegetarian, rented a room for three shillings a week and boarded himself on sixpence a day. Cooking is a

matter of approbation and emulation, and he who cooketh unto himself alone is on the road to dyspepsia.

¶ This long, lanky youth intent on reforming the world in matter of food, drink and theological diet was six feet two, and weighed exactly ninety-nine pounds in the shade. He wore a chimney-pot hat, a tight-fitting, long, black coat, and lavender spats. Fasting and study had given him a visage like the ghost in Hamlet, and gotten him where no man would hire him.

Then it was that hunger forced him into a recruiting office, no doubt aided by the specious argument that he wanted to teach temperance to Tommy Atkins. The recruiting officer gazed at the apparition and sent for a surgeon. This surgeon sent for another, and both went over the skeleton, tapping, listening, prodding and counting. "All he needs is food and work," said surgeon number one, giving the subject a final poke with his pudgy forefinger.

So Private Bradlaugh was sworn in, and that night shipped to Dublin where uniforms were to be provided. Very naturally the chimney-pot hat did not survive the voyage, the rim being smashed down around his neck for a 'kerchief. The clerical coat also soon looked the worse for wear; and a copy of Euclid as well as books by David Hume served for footballs.

¶ It was hard but all a part of life, and young Bradlaugh took his lesson. We know this because in

just six months his regiment was stationed near the storied village of Donnybrook, and Bradlaugh was one of sixteen selected to attend the Fair. This committee did not go to the Fair armed with feather dusters.

Bradlaugh now weighed one hundred and sixty, and had proved his prowess with the shillalah. It was the unwritten law at Donnybrook that no soldiers should be allowed to attend the Fair. The managers, however, still continued to sell tickets to soldiers, yet to keep the enterprise from being wiped out of existence, only sixteen soldiers from each regiment were allowed to attend on any single day.

Bradlaugh's reach and height saved him, and the motto, "Wherever you see a head, hit it," did not disturb him, since his head-piece was well above high water mark.

Regular food, regular work and regular sleep did Bradlaugh a world of good. He never much believed in war, but the idea of the government giving her male citizens a little compulsory physical training always appealed to him.

Three years of soldier life did not supply Bradlaugh any bad habits, and whether he influenced Tommy Atkins in following the straight and narrow path, is still a problem.

On pleasant Sundays it was the rule that the regiment should be marched to church. On one occasion a certain clergyman had excused himself from explain-

ing a passage of scripture on the ground that soldiers could not understand it anyway. This brought a letter from Private Bradlaugh wherein he explained that particular passage to the pastor, and also revealed the fact that a soldier might know quite as much as a preacher.

The next Sunday when the clergyman referred to the letter and in scathing tones rebuked the sender, three hundred soldiers unhooked their sabres and dropped them on the stone floor. The din broke up the service. Very shortly after, as punishment, the regiment was sent to barracks in a region that lacked religious advantages.

In the absence of a chaplain Private Bradlaugh was allowed each Sunday to address the men "on some moral theme."

This continued until complaint was made to the home office, when there came a curt order forbidding "any public talk by Private Bradlaugh or others on the subject of politics or religion."

Bradlaugh's three years of army life held back his mental processes and allowed his body to develop. On the other hand he had been exiled from society, so he idealized things, seeing them with the eye of imagination rather than beholding them as they actually were.

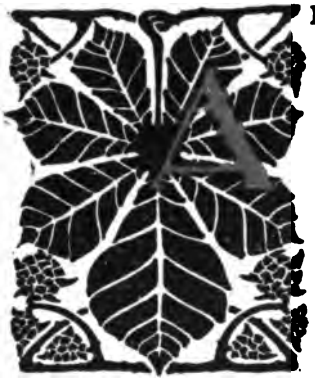
Sometimes this is well, and sometimes not. When Charles Bradlaugh, aged twenty, married Susannah

Hooper, some people said it was a "lovely wedding." Miss Hooper had social station, while Bradlaugh only had prospects. The bride was handsome, vivacious, witty, pink and twenty-one.

Never was a man more beset by unkind fate than Bradlaugh. His wife's intellect was merely a surface indication; she cared nothing for his ideals, and all of his love for truth was for her a mockery. She sought to lead him into conventional lines, to have him renounce his peculiar views and join the church. His fond dreams of educating her slid into disarrangement and inside of a year he found himself absolutely mentally alone. Five years went by and three children had been born to them.

Bradlaugh was still preaching temperance in the parks, and as if to defy his precepts his wife took to strong drink, so that when he returned home he often found her cared for by the neighbors, who in pity had come in to protect the children.

That peculiar English custom of women drinking at public bars helped along the work of undoing. It is a sorry tale, save for the devotion of the two girls and their brother for their father and his love for them. The mother was only a mother in name. She became a confirmed and helpless victim of alcoholism, and lingered on for some years, existing in a sanitarium or cared for by a special attendant.



FTER his marriage Bradlaugh entered a lawyer's office. He soon became head clerk to the firm. His natural ability for public speaking made him a good trial advocate, and then he had a physical ability that rendered him especially valuable where seizures were to be made or evictions effected. ¶ The practice of law then, it seems, was not at a very high mark. Wise men nowadays try to keep out of court. They know that in a lawsuit both sides lose, also that a bad compromise is better than a good lawsuit. But forty years ago, to "have the law on him," was quite the common way of dealing with your enemy, instead of forgetting the wrong that had been done you, and leaving the man to Nemesis.

We hear of a certain case where one of Bradlaugh's clients had built a brick house on rented ground, without the legal precaution of taking a ninety-nine year lease. Naturally the rapacious landlord, for all landlords are rapacious I am told, ordered the renter out at the end of the year.

The renter then demanded that the landlord should pay him for his building. This was very foolish on the part of the renter, and revealed a woeful ignorance of

common law. Bradlaugh was retained and interviewed the obdurate landlord, for all landlords, I am told, are obdurate as well as rapacious. But all was in vain.

That night Bradlaugh and his client got together a hundred good men and true and carried the house away from chimney to corner-stone, leaving nothing but the cellar.

This legal move was very much like that of Robert Ingersoll, who had a railroad company lay half a mile of track through one of the streets of Peoria between midnight and sun-up, and then let the opposing party carry the case to the courts.

Ingersoll's interest in the world of thought cost him the governorship of the state of Illinois. Bradlaugh's interest along similar lines cost him the foremost position at the English bar. The man had presence, persistence, courage, and that rapid, ready intellect which commands respect with judge, jury and opposition. Before he was twenty-five he knew history, mythology, poetry, economics and theology in a way that few men do who spend a lifetime in research. ¶ Public speaking opens up the mental pores as no other form of intellectual exercise does. It inspires, stimulates, and calls out the reserves. Perhaps the best result of oratory is in that it reveals a man's ignorance to himself and shows him how little he knows, thus urging him on to reinforce his stores and

prepare for a siege. ¶ All this, of course, does not apply to clergymen whose efforts are purely ex parte, and where a reply on the part of the pew is considered an offense.

Wendell Phillips advised the youug oratorical aspirant to take "a course of mobs." Most certainly Bradlaugh did, and then he continued to take post-graduate courses. His Donnybrook experiences were simply prophetic.

The crowds at Hyde Park who came to hear him speak were not actuated wholly by a desire to hear the answer to Pilate's question.

Bradlaugh had his own corner in the Park where he spoke on Sunday mornings, when the weather was pleasant. At this meeting he invited replies, so the proceeding usually took the form of a debate. And he had a way of enlivening the service in a similar manner of his friends the enemy. Often the audience, for pure love of mischief would start pushing, and two hundred hoodlums would overrun the meeting. There was no special violence about it, it is very English, you know. Occasionally it happens yet in Hyde Park, and the true London Bobby who never sees anything he does not want to see, allows the beef-eaters to crowd, jostle, and push themselves tired. It was really all very funny unless you were caught in the pushing crowd, then all you could do was to keep on your feet and go with the merry mass. But the attend-

ance at the Hyde Park meetings was increasing, and in the rough-house, at times, some one would fall and be trampled upon.

So an order was issued from Scotland Yard that all public speaking in the parks should cease between ten o'clock in the morning and two in the afternoon. This was during church hours, for church attendance had begun to fall off very perceptibly.

Bradlaugh thought the order was without due process of law—that the parks belonged to the people, and that public speaking in the open was not an abuse of the people's rights. More people than ever flocked to Hyde Park on the Sunday set for the fray. Bradlaugh arranged that a dozen or more of his colleagues should begin to speak at the same time in different parts of the park. The police began to charge and the crowds began to push. Then the police used their truncheons. Two policemen seized Bradlaugh. He politely asked them to keep their hands off, and when they did not he showed them his quality by wresting their truncheons from them, and flinging them to the cheering crowd. He then bumped the heads of the officers together, inciting riot, so ran the records.

This all sounds rather tragic, and I am sorry to believe that Bradlaugh rather enjoyed it. No one man physically was a match for him, and all men fall easy victims to their facility. The police did not succeed on this occasion in arresting him; and it seems that

there was a sentiment abroad that made the government hesitate about arresting him on a bench warrant. A few years before, and Bradlaugh would have been hanged, and there would 'a been an end on't. However, several friends of the "Cause" were locked up, and the next day Bradlaugh appeared in court to defend them. A truce was declared without renouncing the rights of free speech, and Bradlaugh agreed, for the present, to cease holding public meetings.

The little weekly newspaper, "The Reasoner," published by Bradlaugh was paying expenses, and there was a fair demand for his intellectual wares. When he lectured in the provinces, there were the usual warnings from pastors to their flocks which served to lessen the advertising expenses of the lecture. Many of those warned not to go, of course went, just to see how bad it was. Then occasionally halls were closed against Bradlaugh on account of local pressure, and lawsuits followed, for the "Iconoclast" while not believing much in law was yet so inconsistent as to invoke it. So all through life when he did not have a lawsuit on hand, existence seemed tasteless and insipid. After he had lectured in a town there was the usual theological and oratorical pyrotechnics in reply, with sermons from that indelicate text, "The fool saith in his heart, there is no God," and challenges that he should come back and fight it out. The number of people who won tuppence worth of fame by

replying to Ingersoll, were as naught to those who achieved fame by berating Bradlaugh.

In all of the opposition encountered by Ingersoll, his arguments were never met by physical violence. Halls were locked against him, newspapers denounced him, preachers thundered, but no mobs gathered to hoot him down. Neither did he ever have to excuse himself in the midst of a discourse, and go outside to stop a tin-pan serenade.

The Governor of Delaware, I believe, once notified Ingersoll that Delaware had its whipping post ready for his benefit when he came that way. But the threat raised such a laugh that Delaware, for a time, became a national joke. Later, a committee of Delaware citizens, as if to make amends, invited Col. Ingersoll to speak at Dover, and this he did, also addressing the state legislature.

Bradlaugh, however, for many years encountered ancient eggs, vegetables, rocks, and pushing, jostling mobs, which on several occasions swept him off the platform, but not before a few first citizens had been tumbled pell mell into the orchestra. Let it here be repeated that the sole offense of Bradlaugh was that he opposed the Christian religion. The violence offered him was of necessity the work of Christians, or those directly influenced and instigated by them. Ingersoll's reference to the fact that the most zealous, orthodox Christian state in the Union still had its whipping

post, was a turn of the argument which Bradlaugh effectively used. And so stingingly true was his statement that violence and mob rule in England were the monopoly of organized religion, that the better element began to discourage the hot-headed communicants instead of urging them on. So, by 1876 Bradlaugh lectured throughout the United Kingdom to intelligent audiences of highly cultured people, who came and paid admission to hear him speak. Newspapers, that had either tried to smother him with silence or else denounce him without reason, began to report his speeches. Of course there was a little unkind comment, too, but this became less frequent and was mostly the work of insignificant journals. One semi-religious paper of very small caliber, in a suburb of London, where he lived, published a "roast" that is worth repeating. It runs as follows: We have in our midst the very Coryphaeus of infidelity, a compeer of Holyoake, a man who thinks no more of the Bible than if it were an old ballad—Colenso is a babe to him. This is a mighty man of valour, I assure you—a very Goliath in his way. He used to go starring it in the provinces, itinerating as a tuppenny lecturer on Tom Paine. He has occasionally appeared in our Lecture Hall. He, too, as well as other conjurers, has thrown dust in our eyes and has made the platform reel beneath the superincumbent weight of his balderdash and blasphemy. The house he lives in is a sort of "Voltaire Villa." The man and his "squaw" occupy it, united by a bond unblessed by priest or

parson. But that has an advantage; it will enable him to turn his squaw out to grass, like his friend Charles Dickens, when he feels tired of her, unawed by either the ghost or the successor of Sir Cresswell Cresswell. Not having any particular scruples of conscience about the Lord's Day, the gentleman worships the God of nature in his own way. He thinks "ratting" on a Sunday with a good Scotch terrier is better than the "ranting" of a good Scotch divine—for the Presbyterian element has latterly made its appearance among us. Like the homeopathic doctor described in the sketch, this gentleman combines a variety of professions "rolled into one." In the provinces he is a star of the first magnitude, known by the name of Moses Scoffer; in the city a myth known to his pals as Swear 'em Charley; and in our neighborhood he is a cypher—incog., but perfectly understood. He contrives to eke out a tolerable livelihood: I should say that his provincial blasphemies and his city practice bring him a clear £500 a year at the least. But is it not the wages of iniquity? He has a few followers here, but only a few. He has recently done a very silly act; for he has all at once, converted "Voltaire Villa" into a glass house, and the whole neighborhood can now see into the wigwam, where he dwells in true Red Indian fashion with his squaw.

Had this clumsy libel appeared anywhere else than in a paper circulated in the immediate neighborhood of his home, probably Bradlaugh would have paid no attention to it. Other things quite as bad had been said about him; but this time he simply put on his hat and called on the writer, the Rev. Hugh McSorley.

Just what happened Bradlaugh never told, and about it McSorley was singularly silent. It is feared, however, that at that time Bradlaugh had not quite gotten rid of all his Christian virtues.

He carried a rattan cane and his daughters thought that he went to see McSorley with no intent of breaking the Bible injunction to spare the rod. This we know, that the Rev. McSorley linked his name with that of Rev. J. G. Packer and that McSorley's friends paid Bradlaugh five hundred pounds, which money was promptly turned over by Bradlaugh to the "Masonic Home," and "The Working Men's Relief," two charities that Bradlaugh ever remembered, when he realized on libel suits. In the next issue of McSorley's paper appeared the following apology:

The editor and proprietor of this newspaper desires to express his extreme pain that the columns of a journal which has never before been made the vehicle for reflection on private character, should, partly by inadvertence, and partly by a too-unhesitating reliance on the authority and good faith of others, have contained a mischievous and unfounded libel upon Mr. Charles Bradlaugh.

That Mr. Bradlaugh holds, and fearlessly expounds theological opinions entirely opposed to those of the editor and the majority of our readers is undoubtedly true, and Mr. Bradlaugh cannot and does not complain that his name is associated with Colenso, Holyoake, or Paine; but that he has offensively intruded those opinions in our lecture hall is not true. That his ordinary language on the platform is balderdash and

blasphemy is not true. That he makes a practice of openly desecrating the Sabbath is not true. That he is known by the name of Moses Scoffer, or Swear 'em Charley, is not true. Nor is there any foundation for the sneer as to his city practice, or for the insinuations made against his conduct or character as a scholar and a gentleman.

While making this atonement to Mr. Bradlaugh, the editor must express his unfeigned sorrow that the name of Mrs. Bradlaugh should have been introduced into the article in question, accompanied by a suggestion calculated to wound her in the most vital part, conveying as it does a reflection upon her honor and fair fame as a woman and a wife. Mrs. Bradlaugh is too well known and too much respected to suffer by such a calumny; but for the pain so heedlessly given to a sensitive and delicate nature the editor offers this expression of his profound and sincere regret.



HEN Bradlaugh was forty-one years of age he met Annie Besant. This was in 1874, and a friendship grew up between them that was of great benefit to both. Mrs. Besant was a woman of much power, a clear, logical thinker, and a fluent and eloquent public speaker. Her influence upon Bradlaugh was marked. After meeting her, much of the storm and stress seemed to leave his nature, and he acquired a poise and peace he had never before known.

They entered into a business partnership and together published the "National Reformer." The exceptional quality of Mrs. Besant's mind raised the status of the paper. Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant were influencing their times, and were being influenced by their times. Once they talked to mobs, now they had audiences.

It was through Mrs. Besant's influence that Bradlaugh was nominated for Parliament in Northampton. Three successive elections he ran, and was defeated, each defeat, however, being by a smaller majority than before. Mrs. Besant campaigned the district and certainly introduced a new element into politics. "I cannot vote," she said, "but I trust I can use a

woman's privilege and influence men concerning the use of the ballot for truth and right."

In 1880 Bradlaugh was elected with Mr. Labouchere, whose views as to theology and the Established Church were one with Bradlaugh.

"Labby" took the oath quite as a matter of course, just as atheists everywhere kiss the book in courts, it being to them but an antique form of affirming that what they say will be truth. Had Bradlaugh followed Labouchere's example the most important chapter of his life would not have been written. Bradlaugh asked that he be allowed to affirm his allegiance instead of making oath. Here the House of Commons blundered, for if as a body it had given assent, that would have made the request of Bradlaugh quite incidental and trivial. Instead the House made a mountain out of a mole hill by refusing the request and appointing a select committee of seventeen members to consider the matter. They called Bradlaugh before them and interrogated him at length as to his belief in a Supreme Being and a life after death. Then they voted and the ballot stood eight to eight. The chairman, a large white barn-owl, gave the casting vote, declining to accept the affirmation. The matter was reported to the House, and the action duly confirmed. Bradlaugh then on advice of Labouchere notified the House that he was willing to accept the regulation oath, all in the interests of amity, it being of course understood that

his religious views had not changed ❧ Bradlaugh thought, of course that this would end the matter, his view being that he had fully receded from his former position, and was conforming to the pleasure of his colleagues in accepting the regulation oath. To his surprise, however, when he approached the bar to take the oath, Gladstone arose and remonstrated against administrating the oath to a man who had publicly disavowed his belief in a Supreme Being, and moved that the question be referred to a select committee ❧ ❧

Here was a new and unexpected issue. The ayes had it. A committee, consisting of the suggestive number of twenty-three, examined Bradlaugh at length and finally reported against allowing him to take the oath, but recommended that he be allowed to affirm at his own legal risk. The suggestion was promptly voted down to the eternal discredit of Gladstone, who led the opposition, and was bent on keeping the "infidel" out of Parliament. During the conflict the character, high endowments, and personal worth of Bradlaugh were never officially challenged—it was just his lack of his religious belief. The matter was fast becoming a national issue and churchwomen without number were canvassing all England with petitions asking Parliament to remember that England was a Christian nation.

Bradlaugh was down and out, legally, but he pre-

sented himself again at the bar, showed his election credentials and demanded that the oath be administered. He was arrested as an intruder on motion of Sir Stafford Northcote, but immediately released as it was seen he was going to meet violence with violence. ¶ Gladstone here came in with a very sharp bit of practice. He introduced a resolution that "any member shall be allowed to affirm or take oath, at his own legal peril."

Bradlaugh here fell an easy prey, and at once affirmed, took his seat, when he was straightway arrested on a warrant for a violation of the rules of the House which commanded that no man should take official part in Parliament who had not taken the oath.

This transferred the case to the criminal courts, where the case was tried and Bradlaugh was found guilty. This legally vacated his seat. The church folks were jubilant, and Gladstone received many congratulations from men with collars buttoned behind, on having disposed of the infidel Bradlaugh.

But the matter was not yet settled. Northampton had another election and Bradlaugh was again elected ❧ Again he presented himself at the bar of the House and asked to be sworn ❧ The House would neither accept his oath or affirmation, but asked for time to consider. In the meantime writs were issued to "show cause," demurrers filled the air, and the mandamus grew gross through lack of exercise.

Four months passed and the House, making no move, Bradlaugh endeavored to appear and address the members on his own behalf. He was ordered to leave. But he demanded "English fair play." He said, "I have been elected a member of the House of Commons, you do not contest my election, neither do you declare my seat vacant. I ask to be allowed to either take the oath or affirm, whichever you choose, but so far you allow me to do neither. In justice to my constituents I am here to stay."

The order was given that he be removed, and then occurred a scene such as never occurred in the House, and probably never will occur again. Four messengers attempted to seize Bradlaugh. He flung them from him as though they were children. They stood about him attempting to get a hold upon him, menacing him. The police were called and ten of them made a rush at the man. Benches were torn up, tables upset, and the mass of fifteen men went down in a heap. Bradlaugh's clothing was literally torn into shreds and his face was bruised and bloody, when after ten minutes battle he was overpowered and carried outside. No attempt was made to arrest him, he was simply put out and the gates locked. The crowd in the street would have overrun the place in an instant, had not Mrs. Besant, who stood outside, motioned them back. They had put him out but the end was not yet. Things done in violence have to be done over

again. ¶ Bradlaugh was elected for the third time. Again he presented himself at the House and on refusal to administer the oath, he administered it himself. He was arrested for blasphemy, and charges of circulating atheistic literature were brought in various courts. The endeavor was to enmesh him in legal coils and break his spirit. Where then was the English spirit of fair play!

But public opinion was crystallizing, society was waking up, and a rapidly growing conviction was springing into being that aside from the injustice to Bradlaugh himself, that the House of Commons was unfair to Northampton in not allowing the borough to be represented by the man they so persistently sent. "An affirmation bill" was introduced in the House and voted down.

Again Bradlaugh was elected. On his sixth election Bradlaugh presented himself as usual at the bar, and this time on the order of Speaker Peel, who had been elected on this very issue, Bradlaugh's oath was accepted, and he took his seat. The opposition was dumb. Bradlaugh had won.

He promptly introduced an affirmation bill which became a law without any opposition worth the name. Bradlaugh's crowning achievement is that he fixed in English law, the truth that the affirmation of a man who does not believe in a Supreme Being is just as good as the oath of one who does.

During the Bradlaugh struggle, John Morley, the free-thinker, was a member of the House of Commons, having taken the regulation oath, and been accepted without quibble. Morley constantly used his influence with Labouchere in Bradlaugh's behalf, but for five years he was blocked by Gladstone.

However, John Morley is now a member of the Cabinet. Gladstone is dead. In January, 1891, when it was known that Bradlaugh was dying, a resolution was introduced and passed by the House of Commons, expunging from the records all references to Bradlaugh having been expelled or debarred from his seat. Gladstone, the chief figure in the expulsion and disbarment, favored the resolution.

When the dying man was told this he said, "Give them my greetings—I am grateful. I have forgiven it all, and would have forgotten it, save for this." Here he paused, and was silent. After some moments, he opened his eyes, half smiled, and motioning to Labouchere to come close, whispered: "But Labby, the past cannot be wiped out by a resolution of Parliament. The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on, nor all your tears shall BLOT A LINE OF IT."





Theodore Parker

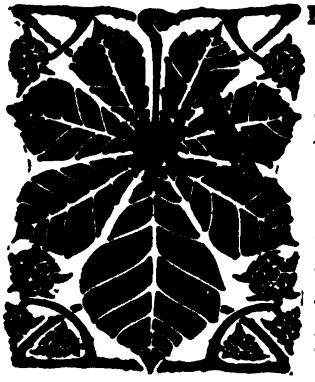


THEODORE PARKER

HE tells of the rhodora, the club-moss, the blooming clover, not of the hibiscus and the asphodel. He knows the bumble-bee, the blackbird, the bat, and the wren. He illustrates his high thought by common things out of our plain New England life,—the meeting of the church, the Sunday-school, the dancing-school, a huckleberry party, the boys and girls hastening home from school, the youth in the shop, beginning an unconscious courtship with his unheeding customer, the farmers about their work in the fields, the bustling trader in the city, the cattle, the new hay, the voters at a town meeting, the village brawler in a tavern full of tipsy riot, the conservative who thinks the nation is lost if his ticket chances to miscarry, the bigot worshiping the knot-hole through which a dusty beam of light has looked in upon the darkness, the radical who declares that nothing is good if established, and the patent reformer who screams in your ears that he can finish the world with a single touch,—and out of all these he makes his poetry, or illustrates his philosophy.

—THEODORE PARKER'S LECTURE ON EMERSON.

GREAT REFORMERS



AMONG wild animals, members of each species look alike ☙ Horses, wolves, deer, cattle, quails, prairie chickens, rabbits—think it over!

Breeds in birds and animals are formed by taking individual peculiarities and repeating them through artificial selection until that which was once peculiar and unique becomes common. White pigeons are simply albinos. But all breeds in time "run out" and form a type, just as a dozen kinds of pigeons in a loft will in a few years degenerate into a flock, where all the members so closely resemble each other that you cannot tell one from another.

A religious denomination or a political party is a breed. When it is new it has marks of individuality; it means something. In a few years it reverts to type. Political parties grown old are all equally bad. They begin as radical and end as conservative. That which began in virtue is undone through profligacy. Among successful religions there is no choice—they all have a dash of lavender.

When the man who founded the party, or upon whose name, fame and influence the party was founded, dies, the many who belong to it are tinted by the whims

and notions of Thomas, Richard and Henry, and it reverts to type.

Only very strong and self-reliant characters form sects. Moses founded a denomination which has been kept marvelously pure by persecution, and healthy by constant migration. Jesus broke away from this sect and became an independent preacher. Naturally he was killed, for up to very recent times all independent preachers were killed, and quickly. Paul took up the teachings of Jesus and interpreted them, and by his own strong personality founded a religion. Paul was crucified, too, head downward, and his death was really more dramatic than that of his chief, but there was a lack of literary men to record it.

So we get the religion of Christ interpreted by Paul, and finally vised and launched by a Roman Emperor. Now countries are this or that, because the reigning ruler is. This must be so where there is a state religion and forty thousand priests look to the king for their pay-envelope and immunity from all taxation. Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth decreed that England should be Protestant. They gave the Catholic clergy the choice of resigning their livings or swearing allegiance to the new faith. Only seventy-nine out of ten thousand dropped out. If Mary Tudor and Mary Stuart had succeeded politically, England would today have been Catholic. The many have no belief of any kind, they simply accept some one else's belief.

When Constantine professed Christianity, every pagan temple in Rome became a Christian Church ✠ Had Constantine been circumcised, instead of baptised, all the pagan temples would have become synagogues, and every priest a rabbi. They do say it was a Christian woman who influenced Constantine in favor of Christianity ☙ If so, it is neither remarkable nor strange. Constantine made the labarum the battle flag of Rome. "By this sign I conquer." And he did. So we get the religion of Jesus, siphoned through the personality of Paul, fused with paganism, and paganism being the stronger tendency, the whole fabric reverts to type.

We lose the pouter, the tumbler is forgot, and we get slatey-grey men and women ruled by ruffed Jacobins.



CHRISTIANITY is one thing; the religion of the Christ is another ❧ Christianity is a river into which has flowed thousands upon thousands of streams, springs, brooks and rills, as well as the sewage of the cities ❧ In the main it traces to pagan Rome, united with the cool, rapid running Rhone of classic Greece. But the waters of placidly flowing Judaism, paralleling it, have always seeped through, and the fact that over half of all Christianity prays to a Jewess, and that both Jesus and Paul were Jews, should not be forgotten.

The blood of all the martyrs, rebels and revolters who have attempted to turn the current of this river have tinted its waters, and that its ultimate end is irrigation and not transportation is everywhere evident.

To keep religion a muddy, polluted, pestilential river, instead of allowing it to resolve itself into a million irrigating ditches, has been the fight of the centuries. ❧ The trouble is that irrigation is not an end—it is just a beginning. Irrigation means constant and increasing effort, and priests and preachers have never prayed, "Give us this day our daily work." Their desire has been to be carried—to float with the tide,

and he who floats is being carried down stream. Men who have tried to tap the stream and divert its waters to parched pastures have usually been caught and drowned in its depths ❧ And this is what you call history ❧ ❧

All new religions have their beginning in exactly this way—they are streams diverted from the parent waters ❧ And the quality and influence of the new religion depends upon the depth of the new channel, its current and the territory which it traverses.

As before stated, most of the rebels were quickly caught. Moses rebelled from the religion of Egypt; Jesus rebelled from the religion of Moses; Paul rebelled from Judaism, adopted the name and led the little following of the martyred Savior; Constantine seized the name and good will, and destroyed rebellion and competition by a master stroke of fusion—when you cannot successfully fight a thing, all is not lost, you can still embrace it; Savonarola was an unsuccessful rebel from Constantine's composite religion; Luther, Calvin and Knox successfully rebelled; Henry VIII. defied the Catholic Church for reasons of his own and broke from it; Methodism and Congregationalism broke from both the canal of John Knox and that of Queen Elizabeth and her lamented father; Unitarianism in New England was a revolt from the rule of the Congregational Church, and Emerson and Theodore Parker were rebels from Unitarianism.

Emerson and Parker were irrigators. They gave the water to the land instead of trying to keep it for a fish-pond. Neither one ever ordered the populace to cut bait or fall in and drown. As a result we are enriched with the flowers and fruits of their energies; they bequeathed to us something more than a threat and a promise—they gave us the broad pastures, the meadows, the fertile fields and the lofty trees with their refreshing shade.

THEODORE PARKER was the first of his kind in America—an independent, single-handed theological fighter—a preacher without a denomination, dictated to by no bishop, governed by no machine ❧ He has had many imitators, and a few successors ❧ The number will increase as the days go by. Parker was a piece of ecclesiastic nebulae thrown off by the Unitarian denomination moving through space in its orbit towards oblivion, the end of all religions, where one childless god presides, Silence. The destiny of all religions is to die and fertilize others ❧ It is yet too soon to say

what man's final religion will be. ¶ Parker's business was not to start a new world, rather it was to collide with old reeling, wobbling worlds, break them into pieces, and send these pieces spinning through space.

For fourteen years Theodore Parker spoke at Music Hall, Boston, every Sunday to congregations that varied from a thousand to three thousand, the capacity of the auditorium ❧ During these years he was the dominating intellectual factor of Boston, if not of all New England. People went to Boston, for hundreds of miles, just to hear Parker; as they went to Brooklyn to hear Beecher. And as for many people, Plymouth Church and Beecher were Brooklyn, so to others Music Hall and Parker were Boston ❧ ❧

Churchianity can only be disintegrated by the slow process of erosion. Joseph Parker's work in London tended to make all English clergymen who desired freedom, free. For over twenty years he preached every Thursday noon, and often twice on Sunday ❧ No topic of vital human interest escaped him. He was a self-appointed censor and critic—sharp, vigilant, alert, yet commending as well as protesting. The two Parkers, one in America and one in England, made epochs. In point of time Theodore Parker comes first, and his discourses were keyed to a higher strain. Less theatric than his gifted namesake, not so fluid nor picturesque, his thought reduced to black and white reads better. What Theodore Parker said can be analyzed, parsed, taken apart. He always had a motif and

his verb fetches up. He said things. ¶ His best successor was David Swing, a man so great that the Presbyterian Church did not need him ❧ Gentle, deliberate, homely, loveable, eloquent—David Swing was made free by those who had not the ability to appreciate him and of course knew not what they did. You keep freedom by giving it away. Swing swung wide the gates that the captives might go free. Truly was it said of him that he liberalized every denomination in the west ❧ Contemporary with Swing was Hiram W. Thomas, the door of the Methodist cage opening for him, because he believed in the divinity of everybody. Thomas believed even in the goodness of bad people. Swing and Thomas prepared the way, and are the prototypes of those modern saints, Felix Adler, Minot Savage, B. Fay Mills, Rabbi Greis, M. M. Mangasarian, Henry Frank, Jailor Whitman, Algernon Crapsey, John Worthy, Ben Lindsey, Margaret Lagrange, Levi M. Powers, John E. Roberts, Sam Alschuler, Katharine Tingley, Elizabeth Towne, Jacob Beilhart, Clarence Darrow, McIvor Tyndall, and all the other radiant rationalists in ordinary who gratify the messianic instinct of their particular group.

It is the unexpected that happens. One of the peculiar, unlooked-for results of independent preaching was to evolve the sensational preacher, who clinging like a barnacle to orthodoxy, sought to meet the competition of the independent by flaunting a frankness designed to deceive the unwary. This species announced on blackboards and

in the public prints that he would preach to "Men Only," or "Women Only," and his subjects were "Girls, Nice and Naughty," "Baldheads, Billboards and Bullheads," "Should Women Propose?" "Love, Courtship and Marriage," "Lums, Tums and Bums," "The Eight Johns," "The Late Mrs. Potiphar," or some other subject savoring of the salacious.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage was the high priest of all sensational preachers. He was without the phosphorus to attract an audience of intellectual people, but he did draw great crowds who came out of curiosity to see the gyroscopic gyrations. Talmage never ventured far from shore, and he of all men knew that while the mob would forgive vulgarity, in fact really enjoyed it, unsoundness of doctrine was to it a hissing. Orthodoxy is very tolerant—it forgives everything but truth. Every fetich of the superstitious and cringing mind Talmage repeated over and over in varying phrase. He was the antithesis of an independent, exactly as Spurgeon was.

It is the fate of every man who lives above the law to be hailed as brother by some of those who are genuine lawbreakers.

Talmage thought he was an independent, but he was independent in nothing but oratorical gymnastics. Talmage spawned a large theological brood who barnstorm the provinces as independent evangelists. These base, bawling, baseball ranters, who have gotten their pulpit manners from the bleachers, do little beyond deepening

superstition, pandering to the ignorance of the mob, holding progress back, and securing unto themselves much monies. They mark the degeneration of a dying religion, that is kept alive by frequent injections of sensationalism. Light awaits them just beyond.

Theodore Parker drew immense audiences, not because he pandered to the many, but because he deferred to none. He challenged the moss-covered beliefs of all denominations, and spoke with an inward self-reliance, up to that time, unknown in a single pulpit of America.

THE year 1810, Lincoln, Darwin, Tennyson, Gladstone, Elizabeth Browning, Mary Cowden Clarke, Felix Mendelssohn, Edgar Allan Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Cyrus McCormick were each and all a year old.

The parents of Theodore Parker had been married twenty-six years, and been blessed by ten children, the eldest, twenty-five years old, and the youngest five, when Theodore persistently forced his presence upon them. Of course, no one suspected at the time that it was Theodore Parker, but "Theodore" was the name they gave him, meaning, "One sent from God." That this implied

no disrespect to the other members of the family can be safely assumed.

The old-world-plan of making the eldest son the heir was based upon the theory that the first born possessed more power and vitality than the rest ❧ The fact that all of Theodore Parker's brothers and sisters occupy reserved seats in oblivion, and he alone of the brood arrived, affords basis for an argument which married couples of discreet years may build upon if they wish.

Theodore Parker was born in the same old farmhouse where his father was born, three miles from the village of Lexington. The house has now disappeared but the site is marked by a bronze tablet set in a granite slab, and is a place of pilgrimage to many who love their historic New England.

The house was on a hillside overlooking the valley, pleasant for situation. Above and beyond were great jutting bowlders over which the lad early learned to scramble. There he played I-Spy with his sisters, his brothers regarding themselves as in another class, so that he grew up a girl-boy, and picked flowers instead of killing snakes. ¶ The coming of spring is always a delight to country children, and it was a delight that Theodore Parker never outgrew. In many of his sermons he refers to the slow melting of the snow, and the children's search for the first spring flowers that trustingly pushed their way up through the encrusted leaves on the south side of rotting logs. Then a little later came the violets, blue and white,

anemones, sweet william, columbine and saxifrage. In the State House at Boston the visitor may see a musket bearing a card reading thus: "This firearm was used by Captain John Parker in the Battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775." Then just beneath this is another musket and its card reads: "Captured in the War for Independence by Captain John Parker at Lexington. Presented by Theodore Parker." These two guns were upon the walls of Theodore Parker's library for over thirty years. And of nothing pertaining to his life was he so proud as that of the war record of his grandfather. When little Theodore was four years of age his sisters would stand him on a chair and ask: "What did grandpa say to the soldiers?" And the chubby cherub in linsey woolsey dress would repeat in a single mouthful, "Do not fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war let it begin here!"

John Parker, son of the man who captured the first British musket in the War of the Revolution, lacked the proverbial New England thrift. Instead of looking after his crops and flocks and herds, he preferred to putter around a little carpenter shop attached to the barn, and make boats and curious windmills, and discuss that wonderful day of the 19th of April, 1775, when he was fourteen years old, and had begged to try just one shot from his father's flintlock at the straggling British, who had innocently stirred up such a hornet's nest.

That storied twenty-mile march from Boston to Concord, was mapped, re-mapped, discussed and explained and is

still being explained and wondered at by descendants of the embattled farmers.

All of which is beautiful and well and he who cavils concerning it, let his name be anathema. But the actual fact is that instead of the War of the Revolution beginning at Lexington it began several years before at Mecklenburg, North Carolina, where the mountaineers arose in revolt against laws made in London and in the making of which they had no part. There at Mecklenburg over two hundred Americans were killed by British troops, while the "massacre" at Lexington cost the colonists just seven lives. ¶ And the moral seems to be this: Parties about to perform heroic deeds would do well to choose a place where poets, essayists and historians abound ¶ It was Emerson who fired the shot heard 'round the world.



ALL good writing men exercise their privilege to use that little pliocene pleasantry about the boy who is not strong enough to work being educated for a preacher. We are apt to overlook the fact, however, that the boy not strong enough to work is often the only one who desires an education ❧ All of this according to Emerson's Law of Compensation.

Theodore Parker in youth was slight, slender and sickly, but he had a great hunger for knowledge ❧ Those who have brawn use it, those without fall back on brain—sometimes.

It cannot be said that Theodore Parker's parents set him apart for the ministry—he set himself apart and got his education in spite of them. At fifteen, he once created a small seismic disturbance by announcing to the family at supper, "I entered Harvard College today."

This educational move was scouted and flouted, and the fact pointed out that there was not enough money in the ginger jar to keep him at Cambridge a week ❧ And then the boy explained that he was going to borrow books and do his studying at home. He had passed the examinations and been duly admitted to the freshman class.

Let the fact stand that Theodore Parker kept up his

studies for four years, and would have been entitled to his degree had he not been a non-resident. In 1840, when Parker was thirty years of age, Harvard voted him the honorary degree of A. M. This was well, but if a little delay had occurred Parker would not have been so honored, and as it was, it was suggested by several worthy persons that the degree should be taken away without anesthetics. Both Parker and Emerson seriously offended their Alma Mater and were practically repudiated.

When eighteen years old Theodore Parker was a fairly prosperous pedagogue, and at twenty had saved up enough money to go to Harvard Divinity School.

Here he was very studious, and his skill in Greek and Latin made the professors in dead languages feel to see that their laurels were in place. Everybody prophesied that the Parker boy would be a great man—possibly a college professor! Theodore was passing through the realistic age when every detail must be carefully put in the picture. He was painstaking as to tenses, conscientious as to the ablative, and had scruples concerning the King James version of Deuteronomy. About the same time he fell in love—very much in love. Some one has said that an Irishman in love is like Vesuvius in a state of eruption. A theological student in love is like a boy with the hives. Theodore thought that all Cambridge was interested in his private affairs, so he wrote to this one and that advising them of the engagement, but cautioning secrecy, the object of secrecy in such cases is that the

immediate parties themselves may tell everybody ❧ He asked his father's consent, intimating that it was no difference whether it was forthcoming or not, the die was cast. He asked the consent of the girl's parents, and they having a grudge against the Parkers assented ❧ Having removed all obstacles, the happy couple waited four years, and were safely married. Lydia Cabot's character can all be summed up in the word "good." She went through Europe and remembered nothing but the wooden bears in Switzerland, of which she made a modest collection. When her husband preached, her solicitude was that his cravat might not become disarranged, for once when he was discussing the condition of sinners after death, his necktie gravitated around under his ear, and his wife nearly died of mortification. When he began to lose his hair she consulted everybody as to cures for baldness, and brought up the theme once at prayer meeting, making her appeal to the Throne of Grace. This led Parker to say that the calamity of being bald was not in loss of hair, it was that your friends suddenly revealed that they had recipes concealed on their person. Before his marriage Parker had positive ideas on the bringing up of children and intimated what he proposed to do. But fate decreed that he should be childless, that all religious independents might call him father ❧ There is only one thing better than for a strong man to marry an absolutely dull woman. She teaches him by antithesis—he learns by contrast, and her stupidity is ever a foil for his brilliancy. He soon grows

to a point where he does not mentally defer to her in the slightest degree, but goes his solitary way, making good that maxim of Kipling, "He travels the fastest who travels alone." He learns to love the ideal. The mediocre quality of Parker's wife, no doubt, was a prime factor in bringing out the self-reliant qualities in his own nature. ¶ Parker's first pastorate was the Unitarian church at West Roxbury, ten miles from Boston, and an easy drive from Concord and Lexington. This was in the year 1836, a year memorable to lovers of Emerson, because it was that year the "Essay on Nature" was issued ❧ It was put forth anonymously, and published at the author's expense. Dr. Francis Bowen, Dean of Harvard Divinity School, had denounced the essay as "pantheistic and dangerous." He also discovered the authorship and expressed his deep sorrow and regret that a Harvard man should so far forget the traditions as to put forth such a work. Theodore Parker came to the defense of Emerson, and this seems Parker's first radical expression ❧ Emerson was seven years older than Parker, but Parker had the ear of the public, whereas at this time Emerson was living in forced retirement, having been compelled to resign his pastorate in Boston on account of heretical utterances.

Theodore Parker was very fortunate in his environment. It will hardly do to say that he was the product of his surroundings, because there were a good many

thousand people living within the radius of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, George Ripley and William Ellery Channing, who were absolutely unaware of the presence of these men. The most popular church in Concord today is the Roman Catholic ❧ Theodore Parker fitted his environment and added his aura to the transcendental gleam. He was the loadstone that attracted the Brook-farmers to West Roxbury. It is easy to say that if these Utopians had not selected West Roxbury as the seat of the new regime, they would have performed their transcendental tricks elsewhere; but the fact remains, they did not.

Parker was on the ground first; Ripley used to come over and exchange pulpits with him. Charles A. Dana, Margaret Fuller, Bronson Alcott, George William Curtis and Henry Thoreau once walked out from Boston to hear him preach.

All these people exercised a decided influence on Theodore Parker; and when "The Dial" was published, Parker was one of the first contributors.

Parker preached for thinking people—his appeal was not made to punk. A sermon is a collaboration between the pew and the pulpit; happy is the speaker with listeners who are satisfied with nothing but his best.

THE Thursday lecture was an institution in Boston intermittently, for two hundred years, being first inaugurated by Anne Hutchinson and Rev. John Cotton. The affair was mostly for the benefit of clergymen, in order that they might hear each other and see themselves as others saw them. To be invited to give a Thursday lecture was a great honor. ¶ Theodore Parker was invited to give one; he gave the address and then was invited back in order to ascertain whether the hearers had understood correctly. Parker had said that to try to prove the greatness of Jesus by his miracles was childish and absurd. Even God was no better or greater through diverting the orderly course of nature and breaking His own laws by strange and exceptional acts. Parker did not try to disprove the matter of miracles, he only said that wise men would do well not to say anything about them, because goodness, faith, gentleness and love have nothing to do with the miraculous, neither does a faith in the miraculous tend to an increased harmony of life. A man might be a good neighbor, a model parent and a useful citizen, and yet have no particular views concerning the immaculate conception.

This all sounds very trite to us, it is so true that we do not think to affirm it. But then it raised a storm of dissent, and a resolution was offered expressing regret that the Rev. Theodore Parker had been invited to address a Boston Christian assemblage. The resolution was tabled, but the matter had gotten into the papers, and was being discussed by the peripatetics.

Parker had at his church in Roxbury substituted Marcus Aurelius for the Bible at one of his services; and everybody knew that Marcus Aurelius was a Pagan who had persecuted the Christians. Was it the desire of Theodore Parker to transform Christian Boston into a Pagan Rome? Parker replied with a sermon showing that Boston sent vast quantities of rum to the heathen, that many of her first citizens thrived on the manufacture, export and sale of strong drink, and that to call Boston a Christian city was to reveal a woeful lack of knowledge concerning the use of words. About this time there was a goodly stir in the congregation, some of whom were engaged in the shipping trade. After the sermon they said, "Is it I—is it I?" And one asked, "Is it me?"

The Unitarian Association of Boston notified Theodore Parker that in their opinion he was no better than Emerson, and it was well to remember that Pantheism and Unitarianism were quite different. That night Theodore Parker read the letter, and wrote in his journal as follows:

The experience of the last twelve months shows me what I am to expect of the next twelve years. I have no fellowship from the other clergy; no one that helped in my ordination will now exchange ministerial courtesies with me ❧ Only one or two of the Boston Association, and perhaps one or two out of it, will have any ministerial intercourse with me. "They that are younger than I have me in derision." I must confess that I am disappointed in the ministers—the Unitarian ministers. I once thought them noble; that they would be true to an ideal principle of right. I find that no body of men was ever more completely sold to the sense of expediency.

All the agitation and quasi-persecution was a loosening of the tendrils, and a preparation for transplanting. Growth is often a painful process ❧ Socially, Parker had been snubbed and slighted by the best society, and his good wife was in tears of distress because the meetings of the missionary band were held without her assistance and elsewhere than at her house.

Here writes Parker:

Now I am not going to sit down tamely, and be driven out of my position by the opposition of some, and the neglect of others, whose conduct shows that they have no love of freedom except for themselves,—to sail with the popular wind and tide. I shall do this when obliged to desert the pulpit because a free voice and a free heart cannot be in "that bad eminence." I mean to live with Ripley at Brook Farm. I will study seven or eight months of the year; and, four or five months, I will go about and preach and lecture in the city and

glen, by the roadside and fieldside, and wherever men and women may be found. I will go eastward and westward, and northward and southward, and make the land ring; and if this New England theology, that cramps the intellect and palsies the soul of us, does not come to the ground, then it shall be because it has more truth in it than I have ever found.

Then came the suggestion from Charles M. Ellis, a Boston merchant, that Parker quit sleepy Roxbury and defy classic Boston by renting the Melodeon Theatre and stating his views, instead of having them retailed on the street from mouth to mouth. If the orthodox Congregationalists wanted war why let it begin there. The rent for the theatre was thirty dollars a day, but a few friends plunged, rented the theatre, and notified Parker that he must do the rest.

Would any one come, that was the question? And Sunday at eleven A. M. the question answered itself. Then the proposition was, would they come again? And this like all other propositions was answered by time.

The people were hungry for truth—the seats were filled.

What began as a simple experiment became a fixed fact. Boston needed Theodore Parker.

An organization was effected, and after much discussion a name was selected, "The Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston." And the Orthodox Congregationalists raised a howl of protest. They

showed that Parker was not a Congregationalist at all, and the Parkerites protested that they were the only genuine-sure-enoughs, and anyway, there was no copyright on the word. Congregational Societies were independent bodies, and any group of people could organize one who chose.

In the meantime the society flourished, advertised both by its loving friends and frenzied enemies.

Parker grew with the place. The Melodeon was found too small and Music Hall was secured.

The audiences increased, and the prophets who had prophesied failure waited in vain to say, "I told you so."

There sprang up a demand for Parker's services in the Lyceum lecture field. People who could not go to Boston wanted Parker to come to them. His fee was one hundred dollars a lecture, and this at a time when Emerson could be hired for fifty.

Parker had at first received six hundred dollars a year at Roxbury, then this had gradually been increased to one thousand a year.

The "Twenty-eighth" paid him five thousand a year, but the Lyceum work yielded him three times as much.

The sons of New England who fight poverty and privation until they are forty, acquire the virtue of acquisitiveness.

Parker and his wife lived like poor people, as every one should. The saving habit was upon them. Lydia

Parker had her limitations, but her weakness was not in the line of dress and equipage. She did her own work, and demanded an accounting from her Theodore as to receipts and disbursements, when he returned from a lecture tour. To save money, she did not usually accompany him on his tours. So God is good. To get needful funds for personal use he had to juggle the expense account.

Reformers are supposed to live on half rations, and preachers are poor as church mice, but there may be exceptions. Both Emerson and Parker contrived to collect from the world what was coming to them. Emerson left an estate worth over fifty thousand dollars, and Theodore Parker left two hundred thousand dollars, all made during the last fourteen years of his life.

Theodore Parker preached at Music Hall nine hundred sermons. All were written out with great care, but when it came to delivering them, although he had the manuscript on his little reading desk, he seldom referred to it. The man was most conscientious and had a beautiful contempt for the so-called extemporaneous speaker. His lyceum lectures were shavings from his work-shop, as most lectures are. But preparing one new address, and giving on an average four lectures a week, with much travel, made sad inroads on his vitality. Every phase of man's relationship to man was vital to him, and human betterment was his one

theme. In 1855 he was indicted with Col. Higginson and William Lloyd Garrison for violation of the Fugitive Slave Law. And when John Brown made his raid Theodore Parker was indicted as "accessory before the fact." Had he been caught on Virginia soil he would doubtless have been hanged on a sour apple tree and his soul sent marching on.

In his sermons he was brief, pointed, direct and homely in expression. He used the language of the plain people. On one occasion he said, "I have more hay down than I can get in. Whether it will be rained on before next Sunday I cannot say, but I will ask you to use your imaginations and mow it away." Again he says, "I do not care a rush for what men who differ from me do or say, but it has grieved me a little, I confess it, to see men who think as I do of the historical and mythical connected with Christianity, who yet repudiate me. It is like putting your hand in your pocket where you expect to find money and discovering that the gold is gone, only the copper is left."

Recently there has been resurrected and regalvanized a story that was first told in Music Hall by Theodore Parker on June 19, 1856. The story was about as follows: Once in a stage coach there was a man who carried on his knees a box, on which slats were nailed. Now a box like that always incites curiosity. Finally a personage leaned over and said to the man

of the mysterious package, "Stranger, may I be so bold as to ask what you have in that box?"

"A mongoose," was the polite answer.

"Oh, I see—but what is a mongoose?"

"A mongoose is a little animal we use for killing snakes."

"Of course, of course—oh, but—but where are you going to kill snakes with your mongoose?"

And the man replied, "My brother has the delirium tremens, and I have brought this mongoose so he can use it to kill the snakes."

There was silence then for nearly a mile, when the man of the Socratic method had an idea and burst out with, "But Lordy gracious, you do not need a mongoose to kill the snakes a fellow sees who has delirium tremens—for they are only imaginary snakes!"

"I know," said the owner of the box, tapping his precious package gently, "I know that delirium-tremens snakes are only imaginary snakes, but this is only an imaginary mongoose."

And the moral was, according to Theodore Parker, that to appease the wrath of an imaginary God, we must believe in an imaginary formula, and thereby we could all be redeemed from the danger of an imaginary hell. Also that an imaginary disease can be cured by an imaginary remedy.

Theodore Parker died in Florence, Italy, in 1860, aged fifty years ☙ His disease was an excess of Theodore

Parker. His body lies buried there in Florence, in the Protestant cemetery, only a little way from the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. At his funeral services held in Boston, Emerson said:

Ah, my brave brother! It seems as if, in a frivolous age, our loss were immense, and your place cannot be supplied ❧ But you will already be consoled in the transfer of your genius, knowing well that the nature of the world will affirm to all men, in all times, that which for twenty-five years you valiantly spoke. The breezes of Italy murmur the same truth over your grave, the winds of America over these bereaved streets, and the sea which bore your mourners home affirms it. Whilst the polished and pleasant traitors to human rights, with perverted learning and disgraced graces, die and are utterly forgotten, with their double tongue saying all that is sordid about the corruption of man, you believed in the DIVINITY OF ALL, AND YOU LIVE ON.



Oliver Cromwell





OLIVER CROMWELL

FOR MY BELOVED WIFE, ELIZABETH CROMWELL.
THESE:

Edinburgh, 3rd May, 1651

MY DEAREST—I could not satisfy myself to omit this post, although I have not much to write; yet indeed I love to write to my dear, who is very much in my heart. It joys me to hear thy soul prospereth: the Lord increase His favors to thee more and more. The great good thy soul can wish is, that the Lord lift upon thee the light of His countenance, which is better than life. The Lord bless all thy good counsel and example to all those about thee, and hear all thy prayers and accept thee always.

I am glad to hear thy son and daughter are with thee. I hope thou wilt have some opportunity of good advice to them. Present my duty to my mother. My love to all the family. Still pray for

Thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL

GREAT REFORMERS

OLIVER CROMWELL was a Puritan, which word was first applied in bucolic pleasantry by an unbeliever—may God rest his soul—and was adopted by this body of people who desired to live lives of purity, reflecting the will of the Lord. ¶ Oliver did in his life so typify all the Puritan qualities of sterling honesty (as well as some simplicities springing out of his faults)—that the time spent in considering him shall not be lost ❧ "Our Oliver was the last glimpse of the godlike vanishing from England," wrote Thomas Carlyle ❧ Obscured in lurid twilight as the shadow of death, hated by somnambulent pedants, doleful diletanttes, phantasmagoric errors, bodeful inconceivabilities, trackless, behind pasteboard griffins, wiverns, chimeras, Carlyle had to search through thirty thousand pamphlets and forty thousand letters for the soul of Cromwell.

Oliver Cromwell was born in Huntingdon, England, April 25, 1599 ❧ His parents belonged to the landed gentry, but who yet were poor enough, so they ever felt the necessity of work and economy. The mother of Cromwell was a widow when she wedded Richard, the happy father of Oliver. The widow's husband had

accommodatingly died, and he now has a monument placed they say by Oliver Cromwell himself, in Ely Cathedral, which records him, thus, "Here sleepeth until the last Great Day, when the Trump shall sound, William Lynne, Esq., who had the honor and felicity to be the first husband of Elizabeth, Mother through the Grace of God to Oliver Cromwell." At the bottom of the inscription a would-be wag wrote, "Had he lived long enough he would have been the step-father of Oliver."

Oliver was the fifth child of his parents, who it seems were happily wedded, the gray mare being much the better horse. And this once caused Oliver to say (and which the same is here recorded to disprove the statement that he had no wit) that, "Men who are born to rule other men are themselves ruled by women." This may be truth or not—I cannot say.

Smelted out of the dross-heap of lying biographers, most of whose stories should be given Christian burial, we get the truth that this boy was brought up by pious, hard-working parents.

The splenetic capacity, the calumnious credulity, the pleasures of prevarication and of rolling falsehoods like a sweet morsel under the tongue, has made those thirty thousand Cromwell pamphlets possible. It is stated by one writer, Heath, now pleasantly known as "Carrion Heath," that Oliver's father was a brewer, and the son grew up a tapster, but was compelled to

resign his office on account of being his own best customer.

Waiving all these precious libels, created to supply a demand, we find that Oliver grew up, swart and strong, a sturdy country lad, who did the things that all country boys do, both good and ill. He wrestled, fought, swam, worked, studied a little. He was packed off to Cambridge where he entered Sidney Sussex College, April 22, 1616, which is the day that one William Shakespeare died, but which worthy playwright was never even so much as once mentioned by Cromwell in all of his voluminous writings. If Cromwell ever heard of Shakespeare he carefully concealed the fact.

Before we proceed farther it may be proper to say that the father of our Oliver had a sister who married William Hampden of Bucks, and this woman was the mother of John Hampden, who was deemed worthy of mention in "Gray's Elegy" and also in several prose works, notably the court records of England. The family of Oliver traced to that of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. Although such is the contempt for pedigree by men who can themselves do things, that Oliver once disclaimed Thomas, as much as to say, "There has only been one Cromwell, and I am the one." It was about thus—I do not give the exact words because I was not present and the Pitt system was not then in use, great men at that time not having

stenographers at their elbows—Bishop Goodman, (known as Badman) was reading to the Protector a long, slushy Billwalker-of-Fargo address full of semi-popish jargon, when his Lordship's relationship to Thomas the Mauler of Monasteries was mentioned. Here broke in Oliver with, "Eliminate that—eliminate that—he was no relative of mine—good morning "

¶ Bishop Badman was a queer old piece of theological confusion who went over to popery, body, boots and breeches, believing that Oliver was a bounder and was soon to be ditched by destiny. Bishop Badman having made the prophecy of ill-luck, did all he could to bring it about, when death ditched him, and whether he ever knew the rest about Cromwell, we do not know, even yet, as our knowledge of another world comes to us through persons who cannot always be safely trusted to tell the truth about this.

At Cambridge, our Oliver did not learn as much from books as from the boys—eke girls, I am sorry to say; all great universities being co-ed., in fact, if not in name. His mother sent him things to eat and things to wear, but among items to wear at that time, stockings were for royalty alone. Queen Elizabeth was the first person of either the male or female persuasion in England to wear knit stockings, and also to use a table fork—this being for spearing purposes.

Oliver's mother sent him a baize or bombazine table-cloth. And this table-cloth he did cut up, prompted by

the devil, into stockings, for he was justly proud of his calves, the same having been admired by the co-eds of Cambridge. For all of these things, in after years, Oliver did pray forgiveness and beseech pardon for such pride of the eye and lust of the flesh, manifest in pedal millinery.

A year at Cambridge proved the uselessness of the place, but it was necessary to go there to find this out ❧ The death of his father brought matters to a climax and Oliver must prepare for very hard times. Then London and a lawyer's office welcomed him. ¶ On Thursday, October 29, 1618, Cromwell saw a curious sight—it was the fall of the curtain in the fifth act of the life of Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced tobacco into England, and did several other things, for which the monarchy was, as usual, ungrateful. Raleigh had sought to find an Eldorado for England, and alas! he only found that man must work wherever he is, if he would succeed, and that fields of gold and springs of eternal youth exist only in dreams, where they best belong. It was a cold grey morning and Sir Walter was kept standing on the scaffold while the headsman ground his ax, the delay being for the amusement and edification of the Christian friends assembled.

"One thing I will never do," said Oliver Cromwell, law-clerk, swart and lusty, in green stockings and other sartor-resartus trifles, "One thing I will never

do—and that is, take human life!" Oliver was both tender-hearted and grim.

Sir Walter's frame shook in the cold, dank fog, and the sheriff offered to bring a brazier of coals, but the great man proudly drew around him the cloak, now somewhat threadbare, that he had once spread for good Queen Bess to tread upon, and said, "It is the ague I contracted in America—the crowd will think it fear—I will soon be cured of it," and he laid his proud head, grey in the service of his country, calmly on the block, as if to say, "There now, take that, it is all I have left to give you!"



UST how much legal lore Cromwell got in London is a matter of dim and dusty doubt. That his vocabulary was slightly extended there, is quite probable, for later he uses the word "law-wolf," thus supplying Alfred Henry Lewis with a phrase that was to be sent clattering down the corridors of time. That Alfred Henry may have been absolutely innocent of the truth that he was using a classicism and not a Kansas mouth-filler, is quite probable.

In London, Oliver married a wife, he being twenty-one and three weeks over. The lady was the daughter of a client of the firm for which Oliver Cromwell was a process-server. That he successfully served papers on the young lady is undeniable, for he led her captive to St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, and they were there married "August, 1620," the clerk being so overcome, doubtless by the presence of Oliver Cromwell, the coming Lord Protector of England, Scotland and Ireland, that he neglected to put in the day of the month. In the same church sleeps one John Milton, who was much respected and beloved by our Oliver, and who proved that a Puritan could write poetry.

¶ The father of Oliver having died, as before truthfully stated, first prophesying that his son would grow up a ne'er-do-well, this son took his new found wife up to the Fen Country to live with his mother and sister. That he would be Lord Protector of the Farm, seems quite the proper thing to say, but that he was dutiful, modest, teachable, is a fact.

Here he lived, with babies coming along one a year, hard-working, simple, earnest, for seven years escaping the censorious eye of Clio, weaver of history. Happy lives make dull biographies. Also we can truthfully say that nothing tames a man like marriage. Take marriage, business, responsibility, and a dash of poverty, mix, and we get an ideal condition. These things make for a noble discontent and the industry

and unrest that unlimbers progress. ¶ Then comes that peculiar psychic experience which is often the lot of men born to make epochs, who also have souls fit to assert themselves. We find our Oliver consumed with a strange despair, biting world-sorrow, Tophet pouring black smoke into the universe of his being—temptations in the wilderness!

Men of neutral quality do not make good Christians-militant. Our Oliver was not neutral. Out of the black night of unrest and through the thick darkness, he gradually saw the eternal ways and got good reckonings by the aid of the celestial guiding stars.

So Oliver emerged at twenty-seven, alive with cosmic consciousness—a God-intoxicated man. That Deity spoke through him, he never doubted. Thereafter he was to be religious, not only on Sundays and Wednesday evenings, but always and forever.

Suddenly and without warning appears in history, Oliver Cromwell, taking his seat in the House of Commons on Monday, March 17, 1627, making then a speech of five minutes, accusing one Rev. Dr. Alablaster of flat popery, and goes back in the silence, pulling the silence in after him, to remain twelve years. ¶ Then comes he forth again as member for Cambridge. He was a country squire, bronze-faced, calloused handed, clothes plainly made by a woman, dyed brown with walnut juice. The man was much in earnest, although seemingly having little to say. He

was not especially conspicuous, because it was largely a Parliament of Puritans. As members, there sat in it John Hampden, Selden, Strafford, Prynne, and with these, the rising tide had carried Oliver Cromwell. In a seat near him sat Sir Edward Coke, known to posterity because he wrote a book on Lyttleton, and Lyttleton is known to us for one sole reason only, and that is because Coke used him for literary flux.

¶ Religions are founded on antipathies. Patriotism, which Dr. Johnson, beef-eater in ordinary, said is the last refuge of a rogue, is usually nothing but hatred of other countries, very much as we are told that the shibboleth of Harvard is "To hell with Yale."

Puritanism is a reactionary move, a swinging out of the pendulum away from idleness, gluttony, sham, pretense and hypocrisy.

Charles I. was king. He was a year younger than Oliver, but as fate would have it, he was to die first.

So sat Oliver Cromwell, grim, silent—thinking.

And then back he lumbered by the stage coach to his country house.

His finances not prospering, he had moved to the little village of St. Ives, famous for being born there the only lawyer ever elected to a saintship. Once a year there is a village festival at St. Ives in honor of the attorney, when all the children sing, "Advocatus et non latro, res miranda populo."

The land owned by Cromwell was boggy, willow-

grown, marshy, fit only for grazing ❧ Oliver was a justice of the peace, now devoting his days to improving his herds, draining the marshlands, praying, occasionally fasting, exhorting at the village cross-roads, and once collaring the loafers in a country tavern and making them join in a hymn. This exploit with that of quelling a small disturbance among some student factions at the neighboring town of Cambridge, had attracted a little attention to him, and Cambridge Puritans, not knowing who else to send to Parliament, chose Cromwell, the dark horse.

With his big family he was very gentle, yet obedience was demanded, and given, without question or dispute, and a glance at the portrait of the man makes the matter plain. It was easier to agree with him than to successfully oppose him.

So slipped the years away, broken only by an echo from cousin John Hampden who refused to pay "ship-money." This ship-money meant that if you did n't pay so much, twenty shillings or ten pounds, according to the needs of the exchequer, you could be drafted into His Majesty's service and sent to sea. The money you paid was nominally to hire a substitute, but no one but King Charles and Attorney-General Noy, who fished out the precious precedent from the rag-bag of the past, knew what became of the money.

Noy was a close running mate of Archbishop Laud, who hunted heretics and cropped the ears of a thous-

and Puritans ❧ Noy is described for us as a law-pedant, finding legal precedent for anything that royalty wished to do. Noy devised the ship-money scheme, and then died before his law went into effect. Killed by the hand of Providence, the Puritans said, and uttered prayers of thankfulness for his taking off, all of which was quite absurd, since the law lives, no matter who devised it. Rulers who wish to tax their subjects heavily should do it by indirection—say by means of the tariff.

The affection in which Noy was held is shown in that he was known as Monster to the King, the domdaniel of attorneys. When he died the result of the autopsy was, that "his braine were found to be two handfuls of dry dust, his heart a bundle of sheep-skin writs and his belly a barrel of soft soap." He was n't a man at all. ¶ John Hampden was tried for refusal to pay ship-money. The trial lasted three weeks and three days. The best legal talent in England had a hand in it, and one man made a speech eleven hours long, without sipping water. The verdict went against Hampden—he must pay the twenty shillings. I believe, however, he did not, neither did John Milton, who wrote a pamphlet on the subject, neither did Oliver Cromwell.



HERE is a tale in that good old classic, McGuffy's Third Reader, to the effect that a man once punished one of his children, and a minute after had his own ears violently boxed by his mother, with the admonition, "You box the ears of your child, and I'll box the ears of mine!" This story which once much delighted the rosy children of honest farmers was told by Charles Dickens, with Oliver Cromwell in the title role.

That Cromwell inherited his mother's leading traits of character, all agree. She lived to be ninety—and to the day of her death took a deep interest in political and theological history. She believed in her boy, even more than she believed in God, and took a deep delight in "that heaven has used me as an instrument in bringing about His will." In her nature she combined the attributes of Quaker, Dunkard and Mennonite. She was a come-outer before her son was, and ever appealed in spirit to the God of Battles for peace.

It was the year 1640, and Oliver was again a member of Parliament. The session only lasted three weeks, and then was petulantly dissolved by King Charles, who, not being able to compel the members to do his

bidding, yet had the power to send them scampering into space.

At the new election Cambridge again elected Oliver, not for anything he had done, but as a rebuke to the haughty and frivolous Charles for rejecting him. This was known as the Long Parliament: it lasted two years, and during its sessions Oliver did not do much but sit and cogitate.

In January, 1642, there took place the inevitable—Charles and Parliament clashed. The Royalists had been so busy enjoying themselves and cutting off the ears of people who failed to bow at the right time, that they had not rightly interpreted the spirit of the times ❧ There was an attempt being made to oust Presbyterianism from Scotland and supplant it with the Episcopacy. These religious denominations were really political parties, and while the Puritans belonged to neither, calling themselves Independents, their hearts were with the persecuted Presbyterians, because they were come-outers for conscience sake, while the Episcopalians never were. Old Noll called Episcopalians, "bastard Catholics," and it is no wonder his ears burned ❧ The Bishops wanted to use them in their business.

Come-outism is a peculiar and well-defined move on the part of humanity towards self-preservation; righteousness at the last, being only a form of common-sense. That greed, selfishness, pomp and folly in all

the million forms which idleness can invent, investing itself in the name of religion, will cause certain people to come out and lead lives of truth, sobriety, method, industry and mutual service, is as natural as that cattle should protect themselves from the coming storm ❧ ❧

When the great Omnipotence that rules the world, wishes to destroy a nation or a party, He gives it its own way. When the governor of an engine breaks and the machine begins to race, all ye who love life had better look out and come out.

The dominant party had outdone the matter of taxations, star-chamberings, hangings, whippings, and maintaining of blood-sprinkled pillories. The time was ripe—Charles and his rollicking, reckless Royalists failed to see the hand-writing on the wall. It was a case of spontaneous combustion. Oliver was forty-three with hair getting thin in front, and three moles which he ordered the portrait painter not to omit, were reinforced by wrinkles ❧ He had a son married and was a grandfather.

So he went back to his farm on the order of Charles and took his moles with him. He was a bit sobered by the thought that he had been one of a body who had openly defied the king, and therefore he was an outlaw. To quietly submit now meant branding and ear-cropping, if not the stake. He called a prayer meeting at his house—the neighbors came—they sang and

supplicated God, not Charles I., and then Oliver asked for volunteers to follow him to the government powder magazine near by, and capture it ere the Royalists used it for the undoing of the Lord's people. "His salvation is nigh unto them that fear Him, that His glory may dwell in the land!" And they went forth, seized the sleepy guards, who had not been informed that war had begun. The plate belonging to the University was taken care of, so it would not fall into the hands of the enemy, and the classic old campus took on the look of a siege.

Cromwell commissioned himself Captain of Horse. It was a farmer's uprising, for freedom is ever a sort of farm-product. Adam Smith says: "All wealth comes from the soil." What he meant to say was "health" not "wealth." Men who fight well, fight for farms—their homes, not flats or hotels. Indians do not fight for reservations ❧ The sturdy come-outer is a man near the soil ❧ Successful revolutions are always fought by farmers, and the government which they create is destroyed by city mobs.

Cromwell knew this and said to Cousin John Hampden, "Old, decayed serving men and tapsters can never encounter gentlemen ❧ To match men of honor you must have God-fearing, sober, serious men who fight for conscience, freedom and their wives, children, aged parents, and their farms. Give me a few honest men and I will not demand numbers—save for enemies."

And he gathered around him a thousand picked Puritans, men with moles, farmers and herdsmen, who were used to the open ☙ This regiment called the "Ironsides" was never beaten, and in time came to be regarded as invincible. The men who composed it compared closely with the valiant and religious Boers, who were only overpowered by starvation and a force of six to one. The Ironsides were like Cæsar's Tenth Legion, only different. They went into battle singing the Psalms of David and never stopped as long as an enemy was in sight, except for prayer.

John Forster who wrote a life of Cromwell in seven volumes says, "If Oliver Cromwell had never done anything else but muster, teach and discipline this one regiment, his name would have left a sufficient warrant of his greatness."

The winter of 1642 and 1643 was devoted to preparations for the coming struggle, which Cromwell knew would be renewed in the spring. All his private fortune went into the venture. He covered the country for a hundred miles square, and broke up every Royalist rendezvous. The spring did not bring disappointment, for the Royalist army came forward, and were successful until they reached Cromwell's country. Here the parliamentarians met them as one to three, and routed them ☙ "They were as stubble before our swords," wrote Cromwell to his wife. Old Noll not only led the fighting, but the singing, and insisted on

being in every charge when the Ironsides took part. He had not been trained in the art of war, but from the very first he showed a consummate genius as a general. He aimed to strike the advancing army in the centre, go straight through the lines and then circle to either the right or left, milling the mass into a mob, destroying it utterly. It was all the work of men born on horseback, who if a horse went down, clambered free and jumped up behind the nearest trooper, or clinging to the tail of a running horse, swung sword right and left and all the time sang, "Unto Thee, O Lord, and not unto us!" This two-men-to-a-horse performance was an exercise in which our Oliver personally trained his Ironsides ❧ He showed them how to sing, pray, fight and ride horseback double. At Marston Moor, Fairfax led the right wing of the Parliamentary army ❧ Prince Rupert at the head of twenty thousand men charged Fairfax and defeated him. Cromwell played a waiting game and allowed the army of Rupert to tire itself, when he met it with his Ironsides and sent it down the pages of history in confusion and derision. At this battle the eldest son of Cromwell was killed, and the way he breaks the news to a fellow soldier, a young man, as if he were consoling him, reveals the soul of this sturdy man

To my loving Brother, Colonel Valentine Walton, These:

Before York, 5th July, 1644

Dear Sir:—It's our duty to sympathize in all mercies and to praise the Lord together in chastisement or trials, that so we may sorrow together.

Truly England and the Church of God hath had a great favor from the Lord, in this great victory given unto us, such as the like never was since this war began. It had all the evidences of an absolute victory obtained by the Lord's blessing upon the godly party principally ❧ We never charged but we routed the enemy. The left wing, which I commanded, being on our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their foot regiments with our horse, and routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now; but I believe of the twenty thousand the Prince has not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory, to God.

Sir, God hath taken away our eldest son by a cannon shot. It broke his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

Sir, you know my own trials this way: but the Lord supported me with this: That the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is our precious child full of glory, never to know sin and sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious ❧ God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it, "It was so great above his pain." This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable. A little after, he said: "One

thing lay upon my spirit." I asked him what that was? He told me it was that God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies ❧ At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and as I am informed three horses more, I am told he bid them open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the army of all who knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord ❧ He is a glorious saint in heaven; wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth ❧ We may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial. Let this public mercy to the Church of God make you forget your private sorrow. The Lord be your strength: so prays

Your truly faithful and loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL

GREAT BRITAIN was rent with civil war—plot & counter-plot—intrigue, feud, fear and vengeance filled the air. Men alternately prayed and cursed, then they shivered. Commerce stood still. Farmers feared to plant, for they knew that probably the work would be worse than vain—the product would go to feed their enemies and deepen their oppression. Backward and forward surged the armies, consuming, destroying and wasting. The pride and flower of England's manhood had enlisted or been drafted into the fray

The fight was Episcopalians against Dissenters: the Church vs. the People. Most of the Dissenters were Puritans and they belonged to various denominations, and many, like Oliver Cromwell, belonged to none. The issue was freedom of conscience Cromwell regarded religion as life and life as religion, and to him and to all men he believed that God spoke directly, if we would but listen.

If the Church won, many felt that freedom would flee, and England would be as it was in the reign of Bloody Mary

If the Puritans won, no one knew the result—would

power be safe in their hands! Men at the last were but men. In the hands of royalty, money flowed free. There had been thousands of pensioners, parasites, ladies of fashion and gentlemen of leisure, parties who worked an hour every other Thursday, and whose duties were limited largely to signing their vouchers —royalty and relatives of royalty, all feeding at the public trough. These people "spent their money like kings"—which means that they wasted their substance in riotous living ❧ And the average mind—jumping at conclusions—reasons that liberal spenders benefit society. In the South our colored brothers are much happier when getting ten cents at a time, ten times a day, than if receiving a monthly stipend of fifty dollars. Even yet there be those who argue that rich people who spend money freely on folly benefit the race, forgetful that anything which calls for human energy is a waste to the world of human life, unless it is a producer of wealth and happiness as well as a distributor ❧ Waste must always be paid for, and usually it is paid for in blood and tears, but beggars who live on tips never know it. A tramp who is given a quarter feels a deal more lucky than if he gets a chance to earn a dollar.

All wealth comes through labor—the people earn the money, and the parasites get a part of it, and in the Seventeenth Century, they got most of it. Then when these parasites wasted the money the people had

earned, the many thought they were being blessed. The English people in the Seventeenth Century were about where the colored brother is now, and I apologize to all Afri-Americans when I say it. However, out of the mass of ignorance, innocence, brutality, beastiality, fanaticism, superstition, arose here and there at long intervals a man equal to any we can now produce. But they were fugitive stars, unsupported, and had to supply their own atmosphere.

Cromwell was an accident—a providential accident, sent by Deity in pleasantry to give a glimpse of what a man might really be.



WILLIAM LAUD, Archbishop of Canterbury, was to Charles I. what Richelieu was to Louis XIII. of France. Laud came so near being a Catholic that the Pope, perceiving his fitness, offered to make him a cardinal. In fact, but a few years before all of the clergy in England were Catholics and when their monarch changed religions they changed theirs. Laud was of the opinion that vows, responses, intonings, genuflexions and ringing of bells constituted religion &

Cromwell said that religion was the dwelling of the spirit of God in the heart of man. Laud brought about much kneeling and candle snuffing. He was Pope of the English Church, and played the part according to the traditions.

A Scotch Presbyterian clergyman by the name of Leighton declared in a sermon that bishops derived their power from men, not God ❧ Laud showed him differently by placing him in the pillory, giving him a hundred lashes on the bare back, branding him with the letter I, meaning infidel, cutting off one ear and slitting his nose.

William Prynne, a barrister, denounced Laud for his inhuman cruelty and declared that Laud's misuse of power proved Leighton was right ❧ Then it was Prynne's turn. He was fined two thousand pounds for "treason, contumacy and contravention." Archbishop Laud was head of the Church of England, and he who spoke ill of Laud spoke ill of the church; and he who slandered the church was guilty of disloyalty to God and his country. King Charles looked on and smiled approval while Prynne had his ears cut off and his nose slit ❧ Charles signed the sentence that Prynne should wear a red letter I on his breast and stand in the market place on a scaffold two hours a day for a month and then be imprisoned for life ❧ Thus was Nathaniel Hawthorne supplied a name and an incident. Also thus did Charles and his needlessly pious

Archbishop set an awful example to Puritans, for we teach forever by example and not by precept. Rulers who kill their enemies are teaching murder as a fine art, and fixing private individuals in the belief that for them to kill their enemies is according to the "higher law," and also preparing them for the abuse of power when they get the chance.

Doctor Bastwick, a physician in high repute, expressed sympathy for Barrister Prynne as he stood in the sun on the scaffold, consoling him with a word of friendship and a foolish tear ❧ Laud had a clergyman in disguise standing near the condemned Prynne "to feel the pulse of the people." He felt the pulse of Dr. Bastwick, and reported his action to Laud, the religieux ❧ Then Bastwick was a candidate. He was arrested, fined a thousand pounds, had his ears cut off, without the use of cocaine, a month apart, both nostrils were slit, and he was imprisoned for life. Cousin John Hampden took a petition to King Charles, asking that mercy should be granted Dr. Bastwick, as he was an old man, a good physician, and his action was merely a kindly impulse and not a deliberate insult to either the Archbishop or the King ❧ The petition was ignored and John Hampden cautioned.

¶ Oliver Cromwell was then in London, having come to town with three wagon loads of wool, but his wits were not wool-gathering. Dissenters were not safe. There is a report noted by both Carlyle and Charles

Dickens that Cromwell having sold his wool and also his horses embarked on a ship with John Hampden, bound for Massachusetts Bay Colony, leaving orders for his family to follow. The ship being searched by spies of Laud, Oliver and John were put ashore and ordered to make haste to their country houses and stay there and cultivate the soil. The King and his Archbishop made a slight lapse in not allowing Oliver and John to depart in peace.

When John Hampden refused to pay ship-money, Laud wanted him publicly whipped. Charles guessing the temper of the times allowed the case to go to trial.

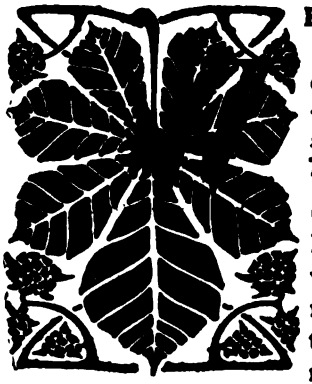
Cromwell was a member of the Long Parliament that ordered the arrest and trial of Laud. Laud was placed in the Tower in 1641, but his trial did not take place until 1644. Cromwell argued that anybody who could speak well of Laud must be heard. The trial consumed a year. Laud was found guilty on six hundred counts of gross inhumanity and violation of his priestly oath, and was beheaded by a single stroke of the ax that had severed the head of Raleigh.

At this time Charles was in the field, moving from this point and that, feeling to see if his head was in place, and trying to dodge the Parliamentary armies. Also, at this time fighting in the ranks of Cromwell was one John Bunyan, who was to outlive Cromwell write a book, glorify Bedford Jail and fall a victim to

Royal vengeance. ¶Fate dug down and tapped in Cromwell's nature great reservoirs of unguessed strength. As Ingersoll said of Lincoln, "He always rose to the level of events." There is an unanalyzed bit of psychology here—a man is tired, ready to drop out, and lo! circumstances call upon him, and he makes the effort of his life ❧ Beneath all humanity there is a lake of power, as yet untapped.

Cromwell's greatest successes were snatched from the teeth of defeat. He always had a few extra links to let out. He grew great by doing. When others were ready to quit, he had just begun ❧ Like Paul Jones, when called upon to surrender, he shouted back, "Why, sir, by the living God, I have not yet commenced to fight!"





HEN conversation lags in Great Britain, or any of her colonies, the question of whether the execution of Charles I. was justifiable, is still debated. That Charles I. was a saint compared with his son Charles II. can easily be shown. He was cool, courageous, diplomatic, regular in church attendance, gentle in his family relations. He was objectionable only in his official capacity. He was weak, vascillating and full of duplicity. It is absolutely true that cutting off his head did not increase the sum total of love, beauty, truth, kindness and virtue in the breast of the beef-eaters.

England still spends ten times as much for beer as books, and the religion in which Charles believed is yet the established one. The religion of Cromwell, which represented simple industry, truth, and mutual helpfulness, omitting ritual, is still considered strange, erratic and peculiar.

For fifteen years the rule of Oliver Cromwell in England was supreme. With the help of Admiral Blake he drove the pirates from the Mediterranean, set English captives free, and made Great Britain both respected and feared the round world over. Spain gave

way and dipped her colors; Italy paid a long delayed indemnity of sixty thousand pounds for injuries done to British subjects; Catholic France religiously kept hands off.

The Episcopal faith was not suppressed, but was simply placed on the same footing with that of Presbyterianism. Toleration for all and every faith was manifest, and the pillory and whipping post fell into disuse. The prison ships lying in the Thames waiting for their living cargo to be carried away and dumped on distant lands, were cleaned out, refitted, holystoned, and sent out as merchant ships. Roads were built, water-ways deepened, canals dug and marsh lands drained.

A general order was issued that any British soldier or sailor in any place or clime, who at any time was guilty of assault on women, or who looted or damaged private property, or attacked a neutral should be at once tried, and if found guilty, shot. If in the exigency of war, English soldiers were compelled to take private property, receipts must be given, prices fixed and drafts drawn for same on the home office. All this to the end, "Thou shalt not steal." Pensions were cut off, parasites set to work, vagabonds collared and given jobs, and all state business managed on the same plane that a man would bring to bear in his private affairs. For carrying dummy names on his pay-roll the governor of a shipyard was led forth and

dropped into the sea, and a man who gave a ball at the expense of the state was deprived of his office and sent to the Barbadoes.

Senator Albert J. Beveridge, in a speech in the U. S. Senate, has recently likened President Roosevelt to Oliver Cromwell ❧ The comparison is not wholly out of place, but it is much more complimentary to Roosevelt than to Cromwell ❧ In point of personal courage and fighting edge they stand together. When Roosevelt was police commissioner of New York he had a way of going out in citizen's dress and arresting delinquent policemen, to their great surprise and embarrassment.

Cromwell liked to dress as a private soldier, mixing with his men, and going to taverns or palaces looking for contraband of war ❧ When he was Chief Commander of the armies of England he insisted on acting as colonel and leading the Ironsides into battle at the head of a charge.

When Cromwell was presented with six coach horses, all alike, and by one sire, he insisted on personally driving them. The coach was loaded with broad-brimmed Puritans, who had guiltily left their work, when the horses ran away, frightened, they say, by an Episcopal bishop. Coach and cargo were deposited in a convenient ditch. All Royalists laughed—but not very loud. A few ultra-Puritans said it was a warning to Oliver not to try to set up a monarchy.

In Cromwell's time the Ananias Club had not been formed, although eligible candidates were plentiful. Oliver refers to Archbishop Laud as a "deep-dyed liar," and in the Cathedral, at Ely, he once interrupted the services by calling the officiating clergyman, "a pious prevaricator."

Cromwell, like many another bluff and gruff man was a deal more tender-hearted than he was willing to admit. The death of his daughter broke the heart of Old Noll, he could not live without her. So passed away Oliver Cromwell in his sixtieth year. The very human side of his nature was shown in his supposing that his son Richard could rule in his place. A short year and the young man was compelled to give way, Royalists came flocking home, with greedy mouths watering for flesh pots, ecclesiastic and political. Exit Richard Cromwell. Enter Charles II. and confusion.





Anne Hutchinson



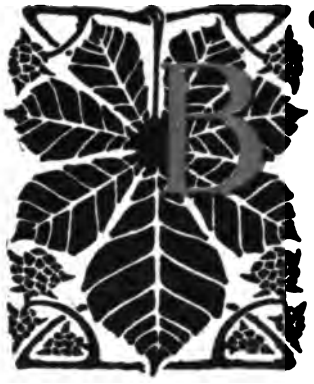
Anne Hutchinson

ANNE HUTCHINSON

AS I do understand it, laws, commands, rules and edicts are for those who have not the light which makes plain the pathway. He who has God's grace in his heart cannot go astray.

—ANNE HUTCHINSON

GREAT REFORMERS



OSTON was founded in 1630. The village was first called Trimountain which was shortened as a matter of prenatal economy to Tremont.

The site was commanding and beautiful—a pear-shaped peninsula, devoid of trees, windswept, facing the sea, fringed by the salt-marsh, and transformed at high tide into an actual island.

The immediate inspirer of the Puritan exodus from England was Archbishop Laud, who had a cheerful habit of cutting off the ears of people who differed with him concerning the unknowable. The Puritans were people who believed in religious liberty ☙ They rebelled from ritual, form, pomp and parade in sacred things ❧ Their clergy were "ministers," their churches were "meeting houses," their communicants "a congregation."

The Boston settlers were Congregationalists, and stood about half way between Presbyterianism and the Independents. Oliver Cromwell, it will be remembered, was an Independent: John Winthrop, a man very much like him, was a Congregationalist.

The Independents had no priests, but the Congregationalists compromised on a minister.

Charles I. and his beloved Archbishop Laud regarded

these Congregationalists as undesirable citizens, and so obligingly gave John Winthrop his charter for the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and said, "Go, and peace be with you," although that is not the exact phrase they used. ¶ In 1633, the Rev. John Cotton arrived at Tremont from Boston, Lincolnshire, England. In his honor, in a burst of enthusiasm the settlers voted to change the name of their town from Tremont to Boston. And Boston village it remained—Saint Botolph's Town—governed by the town meeting, until 1832, when it became a city, and Boston it is, even unto this day.

Boston now has half a million people; at the beginning of the Revolutionary War it had twenty thousand inhabitants; in 1633, when John Cotton arrived, it had three hundred and seven folk. The houses were built of logs, not of cut stone and marble, mostly in block-house style, chinked with mud. There were no wharves, but John Winthrop proudly says "a ship can come within half a mile of my house so deep is the channel."

John Cotton was a very strong and earnest man, much beloved by all who knew him. Most every family in the Massachusetts Bay Colony named a child after him. Increase Mather named one of his sons "Cotton."

The Colonists did not leave England by individuals or single families. They came in groups—church groups—headed by the pastor of his flock. They were not in search of an Eldorado, nor a fountain of youth. It was distinctly a religious movement, the object being religious liberty.

They wished to worship God in their own way ❧ They believed that this world was a preparation for eternity. They believed that religion is the chief concern of mortals here below ❧ Had they been told that man moves in a mysterious way his blunders to perform, the remark would have been lost on them.

Religion was the oil which caused the flame of their lives to burn brightly. They knew nothing of science, of history, of romance or poetry. Their one book was the Bible and by it they endeavored to guide their lives. Nature to them was something opposed to God; and all natural impulses were looked upon with suspicion. They never played and seldom laughed. They toiled, prayed, sang, and for recreation argued as to the meaning of scriptural passages. To know what these passages meant was absolutely necessary in order to find a right location for your soul in another world. The fear of the Lord is not only the beginning of wisdom, but its end.

And yet there was a recompense in their zeal, for it was the one thing which caused them to emigrate. In its holy flame all old ties were consumed, the past became ashes, hardships and dangers as nought, and although there was much brutality in their lives, they were at least different kind of brutes from what they otherwise would have been. They were transplanted weeds ❧ Religious zeal has its benefits, but they are often bought at a high price.

The Puritans left the Old World to gain religious liberty, but to give religious liberty in the new was beyond their

power. The only liberty they allowed was the liberty to believe as they believed. Others were wrong—they were right, therefore it was right for them to take the wrong in hand and set them right. They were filled with fear, and fear is the finish of everything upon which it gets a clutch. Were it not for fear man's religion would reduce itself to a healthful emotional exercise, a beautiful intermittent impulse ❧ Institutional religion is founded on the monstrous assumption that man is a fully developed creature and has the ability when rightly instructed, to comprehend, appreciate and understand final truth ❧ Hence the creeds, those curious ossified metaphors, figures of speech paralyzed by fright.

Sufficient unto the day is the knowledge thereof. What is best to-day is best for the future. We must realize that life is a voyage and we are sailing under sealed orders. We open our orders every morning, and this allows us to change our course as we get new light.

These Puritans knew the voyage from start to finish, or thought they did. They never doubted—hence their inhumanities, their lack of justice, their absence of sympathy ❧ And all the persecutions that had been visited upon them, they in turn visited upon others as soon as they had the power ❧ Their lives were given over to cruelty and quibble.

These church-groups seemed to intuitively understand that a little separation was a good thing. If this were not so things would have been even worse than they were.

There were groups at Salem, Charlestown, Newtown, Cambridge, Watertown, Roxbury, Dorchester, Mystic and Lynn, each presided over by a "minister." This minister was a teacher, preacher, doctor, lawyer and magistrate. In times of doubt all questions were referred to him. The first "General Court" was a meeting composed of the ministers, presided over by the governor of the Colony, and all things ecclesiastic and civil were regulated by them.

¶ Of course these men believed in religious liberty—liberty to do as they said—but any one who questioned their authority or criticised their rulings was looked upon as an enemy of the Colony. So we see how very easily, how very naturally, State and Church join hands.

Puritans were opposed to a theocracy, but before the colony was six weeks old, the ministers got together and passed resolutions, and these resolutions being signed by the governor, who was of their religious faith, were laws. The "General Court" was a House of Lords, where the members, instead of being bishops were ministers, and the state religion of course was Congregationalism.

All that is needed is time, and the rebels evolve exactly the same kind of an institution as that from which they rebelled. The Puritans fled for freedom, and now in their midst if there be any who want the privilege of disagreeing with them, these too, must flee. And so does mankind ever move in circles.

Successful religions are all equally bad.

ANNE HUTCHINSON arrived in Boston, September 18, 1634, on board the good ship "Griffin." With her, was her husband, William Hutchinson, and their fifteen children ❧ It had been a pleasant passage of seven weeks. ¶ The Hutchinsons came from Boston, England, and had been members of Rev. John Cotton's church ❧ It had been their intention to leave for the new world with him the year before, but they had been detained by the authorities, for just what reason we do not know ❧ If the persons who held them back a year had succeeded in keeping them entirely, it would have been well for them, but not for literature, for then this monograph would not have been written.

The Hutchinsons were accounted rich, having a thousand guineas in gold, not to mention the big family of children. John Cotton had told of them, and of the many fine qualities of heart and mind possessed by Mrs. Hutchinson. Several of the Hutchinson children were fully grown and we are apt to think of the mother as well along in years ❧ The fact was, she was barely turned forty with just a becoming sprinkling of gray in her hair, when she reached the friendly shores of America.

Life on ship-board is a severe test of character ❧ The

pent-up quarters bring out qualities, and often attachments are made or repulsions formed, that last a lifetime. On board a co. ed. ship people either make love or quarrel, or they may do both.

The "Griffin" carried over a hundred passengers, among them two clergymen who are known to fame simply because they crossed the sea with Anne Hutchinson. These men were Rev. John Lathrop and Rev. Zacharius Symmes. Religious devotions occupied a goodly portion of the Puritan time, both on ship and on shore. The two clergymen on the "Griffin" very naturally took charge of the spiritual affairs on the craft, and apportioned out the time as best suited them. There were prayers in the morning, prayers in the evening, preaching in the forenoon, prayers and singing psalms between times.

Mrs. Hutchinson was a physician by natural endowment and made it her special business to look after the physical welfare of the women and children on the ship. This was well, but when she called a meeting of all the women on board ship, and addressed them, the Rev. John Lathrop and the Rev. Zacharius Symmes invited themselves to attend in order to see what manner of meeting it might be.

¶ All went well. But in a week, Mrs. Hutchinson kind of got on the nerves of the reverend gentlemen. Both men were strictly class B—stern, severe, sober, serious, sincere, very sincere. Mrs. Hutchinson was practical, rapid, witty and ready in speech; they were obtuse and profound. Of course they argued—for all parties were Puritans. Daily

disputes were indulged in about the meaning of misty passages of biblical lore ❧ The ministers attended Mrs. Hutchinson's meetings and she attended theirs. They criticised her teachings and she made bold to say a few words about their sermons. The passengers having nothing better to do took sides.

When land was sighted, and at last the "Griffin" passed slowly through the mouth of the harbor, all disputes were forgotten and a joyous service of thanksgiving was held. I said all disputes were forgotten—two men, however, remembered ❧ These men were Rev. John Lathrop and Rev. Zacharius Symmes. They felt hurt, grieved, injured—the woman had usurped their place, and besprinkled their sacred office with disrespect, at least they thought so. ¶ When anchor was dropped, they were among the first to clamber over the side, and pull for the shore. They sought out John Winthrop, Governor of the Colony, and told him to beware of that Hutchinson woman—she had a tongue that was double edged. John Winthrop smiled and guessed that a woman with fifteen children could not help but be a blessing to the Colony. The two ministers drew down long Puritan visages and thought otherwise

THE capacity for intellectual endeavor in a well-balanced woman is not at its height until her child-bearing days are in abeyance. At such a time, in many instances, there comes to her a new birth of power: aspiration, ambition, desire finds new channels, and she views the world from a broad and generous vantage-ground before unguessed. The frivolous, the transient, the petty—each assumes its proper place and she has the sense of value now if ever.

A great man once said in his haste that no woman under thirty knew anything worth mentioning, her life being ruled by emotion, not intellect. The great man was then forty; at fifty he pushed the limit along ten years. At thirty feeling is apt to cool a little, and the woman has times when she really thinks. Between forty and fifty is her harvest time, and if she ever realizes cosmic consciousness it is then.

Anne Hutchinson was rounding her fortieth milestone when she conceived a great and sublime truth. It took possession of her being and seemed to sway her entire life. This truth was called "Covenant by Grace." Its antithesis is "Covenant by Works."

All theological dogmas, at the base, have in them a germ

of truth. The danger lies in making words concrete and building a structure upon grammar.

Covenant by Grace, and Covenant by Works are both true, but the first is sublimely true, while the second is true relatively ✍ Both phrases come from St. Paul, who was the very prince of theological quibblers. Covenant by Grace means that if you have the grace of God in your heart, your life will justify itself. That is, if you are filled with the spirit of good, inspired by right intent, and possess a firm faith that you are the child of God, and God has actually entered into a covenant with you to bless, benefit and protect you here and hereafter ✍ Also that under these conditions, you can really do no sin. You may make mistakes, but this divine covenant that is yours transforms even your lapses, blemishes, blunders, errors and sins into blessings, so that in the end only the good is yours.

When you have gotten your mind and soul into right relationship with God or the Divine Spirit, you do not have to seek, strive, struggle, or painstakingly select and decide as to your actions, God's spirit acting through you makes you immune from harm and wrong ✍ Your mind being right your actions must of necessity be right, because an act is but a thought in motion.

So, enter into the Covenant of Grace—make a bargain with God that you will keep your being free from wrong thought—lie low in His hand. Let His spirit play through you, relax, cease wrestling for a blessing and realize that

you already have it. Then for you all of the harrassing details of life become simplified. What you shall say, what you shall do, how you shall dress, what the particular actions of the day shall be, all are as naught. Life becomes automatic, divinely so, and regulates itself if you but have the Covenant of Grace.

The opposite view is the Covenant of Works. That is, you make an agreement with God that you will obey His will; that you will control and guard your "work," or actions, that your conduct will be correct. Conduct then becomes the vital thing, not thought. By a "work" was meant a deed, and you got God's assurance in your heart of saivation, through the propriety of your acts. Turner painted painstakingly before he acquired the broad and general sweep. Washington, Franklin and Lincoln, all in youth, compiled lists of good actions and bad ones.

People in this stage, set down lists of things which they should not do, and also lists of things they should do. Young people usually make lists of things they want to do, but must not. This stage compares with the stage of realism in art. You must be realistic before you become impressionistic. They wait God's favor, they wish Him to smile upon them, and so they are feverishly intent on doing only the things of which He approves. Likewise they are fearful of doing the things of which He disapproves. .

Moses made a list of seven things the children of Israel must not do; and three things they must do, and these

we call the Ten Commandments. ¶ The question of Covenant of Grace, or Covenant of Works, is a very old one, and it is not settled yet. It goes forever with a certain type of mind. Our criminal laws punish for the act—magistrates consider the deed. And only within six years' time has a judge in America focused the world's attention upon himself by refusing to punish delinquent children brought before him for their deeds. He organized the Juvenile Court, the sole intent of which is not to punish for the act, but to go back of this and find out why this child committed the act, and then remove the cause. And in doing this Judge Lindsey had to become a lawbreaker himself, for he often violated his oath of office by refusing to enforce the law where a specific punishment was provided for a specific offense.

The entire and sole offense of Anne Hutchinson was her emphasis of a Covenant of Grace. She had first gotten the idea from Rev. John Cotton, but it had enlarged in her mind until it took possession of her nature, perhaps to the exclusion of some other good things. All of her exhortations to the women on shipboard were: Don't be anxious; don't be fearful; don't worry about the cares of your household or the conduct of your husband or children. Don't be anxious about your own conduct. Just dedicate your lives to God and in consideration of the dedication His grace or spirit will fill your hearts, so that all of your actions

will be right and proper and without sin. ¶ Of course this plea was met with specific questions, such as, if works are immaterial and grace is all, then what shall I do in this case, also that and the other? And how about teaching the catechism and memorizing the Ten Commandments? Must not we say prayers, and attend divine worship, and pay tithes, and obey magistrates? ¶ Little minds always find endless food for argument and disputation, right here. To leave the question to nature and let actions adjust themselves, they will never do. They want direct orders covering all the exigencies of life. To meet this demand the Torah of the Jews was devised, telling you how to kill chickens, how to remove the feathers, how to pass a stranger in an alley, how to cook, eat, pray, sleep, sing, and cut your hair.

Thus we get such peculiar laws as that it is a sin for a Jew to make a fire at certain hours, to trim his beard, or a Chinaman to clip his cue ☞ All barbaric people devise codes covering the minutia of conduct. With the Hopi Indians the maidens dress their hair in one way and the married women in another, and if a married woman clothes herself like a maiden, she is regarded as past redemption, and killed. One of the Ten Commandments, that against making graven images, was founded on the fallacy that sculpture and idolatry were one and the same thing. The Puritans believed that both the arts of sculpture and painting

were idolatrous. Some also believing that instrumental music was the work of the devil. While a few believed that wind instruments, like the organ, were proper and right, yet stringed instruments were harmful and tended to lascivious pleasings. Now there are churches that use the pipe organ, but allow the use of a piano only in the lecture room, or guild house. The United Presbyterians disunited from the main body by adjuring all music but that of the human voice, and then they split as to the propriety of using a tuning fork. ¶ The Baptists have always played the organ, but the cornet as an instrument to be used in leading congregational singing has caused much dispute and contention. And while the cornet is allowed by many, the violin is still tabu absolutely in certain districts. All this is "Covenant of Works"—be careful concerning what you do—have a sleepless and vigilant eye for conduct—look to your deeds!

Anne Hutchinson cut the Gordian knot of law at a stroke, by saying, "Get the grace of God in your hearts, and it is really no difference what you do, or do not do." Now this is a very old idea. The elect few who get their heads into a certain mental stratum have always come to the belief in the truth of the Covenant of Grace.

When Jesus plucked the ears of corn on the Sabbath day he violated Jewish law, and showed them then and at various other times that he had small respect

for laws governing conduct. ¶ Persons who take this view are regarded as anarchists ❧ They are looked upon as enemies of the state, consequently they are dangerous persons, and must be gotten rid of. Their guilt is always founded on an inference—they do not believe in this, hence surely they are guilty of that. ¶ During the Civil War it was assumed by a large contingent that if you believed in equal rights for the colored man, you were desirous of having your daughter marry a "nigger."

Many good men assume that if you believe in giving the right of suffrage to women, you want your wife to run for the office of constable. There are those who assume that men who do not go to church play cards; those who play cards chew tobacco; those who chew tobacco drink whiskey; those who drink whiskey beat their wives; therefore all men should go to church. ¶ All of Anne Hutchinson's troubles came from inferences; these inferences were the work of the clergy.

THOSE first colonists lived practically communal lives, as pioneers usually do. In their labors they worked together and for each other. If a house was to be built there was a "bee" and everybody got busy. When a ship load of emigrants arrived, the entire town welcomed them at the waterside. The Hutchinsons were especially welcome, coming as the near and dear personal friends of John Cotton. Mrs. Hutchinson and several of her children were housed with the Cotton family, until they could build a home of their own.

Mrs. Hutchinson was regarded as an especially valuable arrival, for she had rare skill in medicine and a devotion in nursing the sick that caused her to be looked upon with awe. With children she was especially fortunate. Hers was the healing touch, for she had the welling mother-heart, the heart of infinite love, and the cures she worked by simply holding the stricken child in her arms and breathing upon it were thought to be miraculous.

With pioneers, children are at a premium. Puritans regarded the death of a child as a visitation of the wrath of God; it filled the whole settlement with

terror. So naturally, any one who could stay the hand of death was regarded as divinely endowed ❧ Also, they were regarded by some with suspicion, for these people believed there were two sources of power, God and Satan.

Anne Hutchinson smiled at this, and told the people that sickness was a result of wrong living or accident, and was not a manifestation of the wrath of God at all, and the cure was simply worked by getting in harmony with the laws of nature.

Here, unwittingly, Mrs. Hutchinson was treading on very thin theological ice. She was contradicting the clergy. She thought Nature and God were one—they knew otherwise. But her days were so filled with the care of the sick who besieged her house, that she was forced in self-protection to give the people strong meat.

There were times when the weather was bad, and the whole settlement would sink into melancholia. These people were on the bleak hillsides, facing the sea. Back of them, hedging them close was the forest, dim, dark and mysterious. In this wood were bears, wolves, panther, which in winter lured by the smell of food, would occasionally enter the village to the great danger of life ❧ At nightfall the settlers would go inside, bar the windows and doors, and look to their matchlocks, which in emergency might be needed. ¶ Now and again came Indians, proud and painted,

and paraded through the village threateningly, and innocently helped themselves to whatsoever they saw which they needed. Mrs. Hutchinson's power of healing had gone abroad among these red men, and now and again an Indian mother would stop at her door with a stricken papoose, and such were never turned away

The houses were small, ill-ventilated, over-crowded, and the singing, praying and exhortation were not favorable to the welfare of the sick, nervous or tired. The long severe winter was a cause of dread and apprehension This was weather to which Engliah people were not used, and they had not grown accustomed to battle with the snow and ice. Instead of facing it, they went into their houses to protect themselves against it. So there was much idle time, when only prayer and praise for a God of wrath filled the hours. Not a family was free from disease, not a house but that upon the door posts were marks of blood. That word "psychology" had never been heard by Mrs. Hutchinson, but the thing itself she knew. She sought to relieve the people of gloom, to stop introspection and self-analyzation. They quarreled, strife was imminent, and when with the dread of winter, came the added fear of a Pequot uprising, the whole place was treading the border-land of insanity It is doubtful whether Anne Hutchinson knew that insanity was infectious, and that whole families, commu-

nities can become possessed of hallucinations—that towns can go mad, and nations have a disease.

But this we know, she challenged the eight ministers who were there in the colony by calling meetings of women only, and teaching a gospel which was at variance with what the eight learned men upheld. Her theme was the Covenant of Grace. Get His spirit in your hearts and you will not have to trouble about details. All your anxious care about your children, your fear of disease, and horror at thought of death, will disappear. This fear is what causes your sickness. "You think some of your acts have been displeasing to God, and therefore you suffer, but I say, if you but have the Grace of God in your souls, and have transcendent minds, you can never displease Him."

It will be seen that this is the pure Emersonian faith, which has not only been applied to life in general, but to the arts. Anne Hutchinson was the mother of New England transcendentalism. Self-consciousness is fatal to the art of expression; he who fixes his thought on the movements of his hands and feet is sure to get tangled up in them; good digestion does not require the attention of the party most interested, and he who devotes all of the time to his spiritual estate will soon have the whole property in chancery. Man is not a finality—he is not the thing—the play 's the thing: life is the play and the play is life. Man is only one of the properties. Look out, not in; up, not down, and lend

a hand. And these things form the modern application of the philosophy of Anne Hutchinson.

The ministers got together in secret session and decided that Anne Hutchinson must be subdued. She was a usurper upon their preserve, a trespasser and an interloper ❧ Fear was the rock upon which they split. And I am not sure but that fear is the only rock in life's channel. Mrs. Hutchinson had told them that sermons, prayers and hymns were mere "works" and that a person could do all which they demanded and still be a thief and a rogue at heart, and that this close attention to conduct meant eventual hypocrisy. On the other hand if your mental attitude was right, your conduct would be right.

"Even though it is wrong?" asked the Rev. Mr. Wilson.

And Anne Hutchinson replied, "Aye, verily."

"Then you say that you can commit no sin?"

"If my heart is right, I cannot sin."

"Is your heart right?"

"I am trying to make it so."

"Then you can commit any act you wish?"

"Whatever I wish to do will be right, if my heart is right."

"But suppose, now—" and here these clergymen asked questions which no gentleman ever asks a lady.

¶ These men had a fine faculty for misunderstanding, misinterpreting, and misrepresenting other people's

thoughts. ¶ John Cotton tried to pour oil on the troubled waters by explaining that the idea of Covenant by Grace was general, and to make it specific was unjust and unreasonable. Then they turned on Cotton and said, "So, you are one of them?"

Anne Hutchinson was ordered not to speak in public. She still held meetings at her own house, and claimed she had the right to ask her friends to her home and there to talk to them.

She instituted the Boston Thursday Lecture, which was taken up by John Cotton and carried by an apostolic succession to the crowning days of its success, when Adirondack Murray reigned supreme ❧ Mrs. Hutchinson spoke to all the women the house would hold ❧ The colony was divided into two parts—those who believed in a Covenant of Grace and those who held to a Covenant of Works.

John Cotton seemed the only clergyman of the eight who realized that both sides were right. Anne Hutchinson quoted him, told what he had said in England, and here, and then John Cotton had to defend himself. He did it by criticising her and then by accusing her of taking his words too literally. He feared the mob. ¶ The breach widened—he denounced her. Winthrop was against her and Cotton saw defeat for himself if he longer stood by her. She was a good woman, but she must be suppressed for the good of the colony. With the consent of Cotton, and Wilson, his colleague,

these two men being joint ministers to the Boston church, made formal charges of heresy against her. ¶ Sir Henry Vane, a youth of twenty-four, noble both by birth and nature, was elected governor of the colony. He sided with Mrs. Hutchinson, and sought to bring commonsense to bear and stem the tide of fanaticism. They turned on him, and his downfall was identical with hers, although he was to return to England and make his own way to success: to love Peg Woffington and elbow his way to place and power, and also to London Tower, and lay his head upon the block in the interest of human rights.

Mrs. Hutchinson was tried by an ecclesiastic court and found guilty. In the trial which covered several months, Mrs. Hutchinson defended herself at great length and with much skill, but what the clergymen demanded was an absolute retraction, and a promise that she would no longer usurp their special function of giving public instruction.

All this time the colony was rent by schism. Up at Salem was a Baptist preacher by the name of Roger Williams, who was much in sympathy with Mrs. Hutchinson, personally, although not adopting all of her ideas. He thought that in view of the great usefulness of Mrs. Hutchinson as a nurse and neighbor, she should be allowed to speak when she chose and say what she wished: "Because if it be a lie, it will die, and if it be truth, we ought to know it."

Roger Williams would have done well to have kept a civil tongue in his head. There was a rod in pickle for him, too, and his words were duly noted and recorded by witnesses.

Then there was Mary Dyer, wife of William Dyer, who came to Boston in 1635, when the Hutchinson trouble was beginning to brew. Mary Dyer is described by John Winthrop as "a comely person of ready tongue, somewhat given to frivolity." But the years were to subdue her ❧ She became much attached to Mrs. Hutchinson and whenever Mrs. Hutchinson spoke in public Mrs. Dyer was always near at hand to lend her support. In the journal of Winthrop there are various references to Mrs. Dyer. The man was interested in her, but one of these references reflects most seriously on the mental processes of this excellent man ❧ When the charges of heresy were brought against Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Dyer stood by her boldly, and was threatened by the clergymen with similar proceedings. Winthrop says Mrs. Dyer was so wrought upon by the excitement that she was taken with premature childbirth. She was attended by Mrs. Hutchinson, and the child, "being not human," was dispatched. This horrible story was related throughout the colony, and both women were regarded as being in league with the devil. School children used to run and hide when they saw Mrs. Dyer coming. A little later the Rev. Cotton Mather was to cite the case of

Mary Dyer as precedent for his pet belief in witchcraft. ¶ Mrs. Hutchinson was found guilty and expelled from the church. She was then again tried by the General Court wherein all of her judges in the Ecclesiastic Court, also sat. After a long, laborious and insulting trial, with no one but herself to raise a voice in her defense, pitted against the eight clergymen, she ably defended her cause and actually put them all to rout, an unforgivable thing, and an error in judgment on her part.

There is much literature surrounding the case, and one of the ministers, Thomas Welde, wrote a pamphlet explaining his part in it, quite forgetful of the fact that explanations never explain. The more one reads of Welde, the greater is his admiration for Mrs. Hutchinson. Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts, the great-grandson of Anne Hutchinson, edited the journal of Winthrop, and gives a remarkably unprejudiced account of the sufferings of his great maternal ancestor.

Being banished from the Massachusetts Bay Colony, Mrs. Hutchinson found refuge in Rhode Island where she was welcomed by Roger Williams, the first person I believe who lifted up his voice for free speech in America. Mrs. Hutchinson was followed by her own family and eighteen persons from Boston who sympathized with her. Included in the party was Mary Dyer.

At Providence, Mrs. Hutchinson drew around her a goodly number of people, including Quakers and Baptists, who listened to her discourses with interest.

The ministers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony evidently felt that they had made a mistake, for they got together, and delegated three of their number to go down to Providence and acquaint the renegades with the news that if they would recant all belief in a Covenant by Grace, they could return. Mrs. Hutchinson met the delegates with dignity and kindness. The conference lasted for two days, and the committee returned reporting the matter hopeless.

There were several desertions from Boston by those who sympathized with Mrs. Hutchinson, and some of those people Mrs. Hutchinson prevailed upon to go back. There were threats that the Massachusetts people were coming down to capture them all by force. This so preyed upon the Hutchinsons, who had suffered severely, that they packed their now scanty goods upon a raft, and with improvised sails headed for the Dutch settlement of Manhattan.

They were kindly received and given title to a tract of land on Long Island, near Hell Gate. There, in a little clearing, on the water's edge, they began to build a house. Ere the roof was on they were attacked by Indians, who evidently mistook them for Dutch, and all were massacred.

So died Anne Hutchinson.

ANNE HUTCHINSON was mourned by Mary Dyer as a sister, and she preached a funeral sermon at Providence in eulogy of her. Mrs. Dyer also went back to Boston and made an address in praise of Anne Hutchinson on Boston Common, to the great scandal of the community. Mrs. Dyer had now become a Quaker, principally because Quakers had no paid priesthood, and allowed women who heard the Voice to preach.

Mary Dyer heard the Voice and preached. Her attention was called to the law, which in Boston provided that Quakers and Jews should have their ears cut off, and their tongues bored.

She continued to preach, and was banished.

She came back, and was found standing in front of the jail talking through the bars to two Quakers, Robinson and Stevenson, who were confined there awaiting sentence. She had brought them food and was exhorting them to be of good cheer. She was locked up, and asked to recant ❧ She acknowledged she was a Quaker, and not in sympathy with magistracy.

She was sentenced by Governor Endicott, on her own confession, with having a contempt for authority, and

ordered to be hanged. The day came and she was led forth, walking hand in hand with her two guilty Quaker brothers.

The scaffold was on Boston Common, on the little hill, about where the bandstand is at the present day. Mrs. Dyer stood and watched them hang her friends, one at a time. As they were swung off into space she called to them to hold fast to the truth, "for Christ is with us!" Whenever she spoke or sang, the drums that were standing in front and back of her were ordered to beat, so to drown her voice.

After the bodies of her friends had dangled half an hour they were cut down.

It was then her turn. She ascended the scaffold, refusing the help of the Rev. Mr. Wilson. He followed her and bound his handkerchief over her eyes, a guard in the meantime tying her hands and feet with rawhide.

"Do you renounce the Quakers?"

"Never, praise God, His son Jesus Christ, and Anne Hutchinson, His handmaiden—we live by truth!"

"A reprieve! a reprieve!!" some one shouted. And it was so—Governor Endicott had ordered that this woman be banished, not hanged, unless she again came back to Boston. It was all an arranged trick to thoroughly frighten the woman.

Wilson removed the handkerchief from her eyes. They unbound her feet, and the thongs that held her hands

were loosed. She looked down below at the bodies of Robinson and Stevenson lying dead on the grass. She asked that the sentence upon her be carried out. But not so, she was led by guards fifteen miles out into the forest and there liberated.

In a few months she was back in Boston, to see her two grown-up sons, and also to bear witness to the "Inner Light."

Being brought before Governor Endicott, she was asked, "Are you the same Mary Dyer that was here before?"

"I am the same Mary Dyer."

"Do you know you are under sentence of death?"

"I do, and I came back to remind you of the unrighteousness of your laws, and to warn you to repent!"

"Are you still a Quaker?"

"I am still reproachfully so-called."

"To-morrow at nine o'clock I order that you shall be hanged."

"This sounds like something you said before!"

"Lead her away—away, I say!"

At nine the next morning a vast crowd covered the Common, the shops and stores being closed, by order, for a holiday.

Mr. Wilson again attended the culprit. "Mary Dyer, Mary Dyer!" he called in a loud voice as they stood together on the scaffold. "Mary Dyer, repent, oh, repent, and renounce your heresies!"

And Mary Dyer answered, "Nay, man, I am not now to repent, knowing nothing to repent of!"
"Shall I have the men of God pray for you?"
She looked about curiously, half smiled, and said, "I see none here."
"Will you have the people pray for you?"
"Yes, I want all the people to pray for me." ¶ Again the light was shut out from her eyes, this time forever. Her hands were bound behind her with thongs that cut into her wrists, her feet were tied. She reeled and the Rev. Mr. Wilson kindly supported her. The noose was adjusted. ¶ "Let us all pray," said the Rev. Mr. Wilson. So they hanged Mary Dyer in the morning.





Jean Jacques Rousseau



. . . . . es Rousseau

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

WHEN the service of the public ceases to be the principal concern of the citizens, and they would rather discharge it by their purses than their persons, the state is already far on the way to ruin. When they should march to fight, they pay troops to fight for them and stay at home; when they should go to council, they send deputies and remain away, thus, in consequence of their indolence and wealth, they in the end employ soldiers to enslave their country, and representatives to sell it. So soon as a citizen says, What are state affairs to me? the state may be given up for lost.

—THE SOCIAL CONTRACT

GREAT REFORMERS

WHO is the great man? ¶ Listen, and I will tell you: He is great who feeds other minds. He is great who inspires others to think for themselves ❧ He is great who tells you the things you already know, but which you did not know you knew until he told you. He is great who shocks you, irritates you, affronts you, so that you are jostled out of your wonted ways, pulled out of your mental ruts, lifted out of the mire of the commonplace.

That writer is great whom you alternately love and hate. That writer is great whom you cannot forget. ¶ Certainly, yes, the man in his private life may be proud, irritable, rude, crude, coarse, faulty, absurd, ignorant, immoral—grant it all, and yet be great. He is not great on account of these things, but in spite of them. The seeming inconsistencies and inequalities of his nature may contribute to his strength, as the mountains and valleys, the rocks and woods make up the picturesqueness of the landscape,

He is great to whom writers, poets, painters, philosophers, preachers and scientists go, each to fill his own little tin cup, dipper, calabash, vase, stein, pitcher, amphora, bucket, tub, barrel or cask. These

men may hate him, refute him, despise him, reject him, insult him, as they probably will if they are much indebted to him, yet if he stirs the molecules in their minds to a point where they create caloric, he has benefited them and therefore he is a great man.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was a great man ☙ We are still reading him—still talking about him—still trying to clap label upon him—still hunting for a pigeonhole in which to place him.

If a man were wholly crude, rude, ignorant and coarse, and if he did nothing but shock and irritate us, we would quickly cast him aside ☙ But in addition to shocking us the great man fascinates us by his insight, his subtlety, his imagination, his sympathy, his tenderness, his love. Behind the act he sees the cause, and so he excuses and forgives. Knowing the present he is able to forecast the future, for he, of all men, knows that effect follows cause ☙ He does what we dare not and says what we would like to if we had the mind. So in one sense the man is our vicarious self—"I am that man." His very faultiness brings him near. His blunders make him to us akin.

TO answer the arguments of Jean Jacques by references to his private life were easy and obvious. He did not apologize for his life, and perhaps we would do well to follow his example. But a fair understanding of the situation demands that we should realize that the things for which we blame him most occurred before he was thirty-eight years old. And his writings that really influenced humanity were not written until after he was thirty-eight. To confound the reasoning of the mature man, by pointing to what he did at twenty-two, I submit, is irrelevant, immaterial, inconsequent, unrelated and uncalled for. When a critic has nothing to say of a man's work, but calls attention to the errors of the author's youth he is running short of material.

That Rousseau revised his mode of living and reformed his reasoning in his later years, viewing his early life with bitter regret, should be put forward to his credit and not be used for his condemnation. The facts, however, are all that his harshest critics state. But fact and truth are often totally different things. Untruth enters when we reason wrongly from our facts. We have been told by both the friends and enemies

of Rousseau that to him the French Revolution traces a direct lineage. For this his friends give him credit, and his enemies blame. The truth is, that revolutions are things that require long time and many factors to evolve. A revolution is the culmination of a long train of evils. Rousseau saw the evils and called attention to them, but he did not exactly cause them—bless me! His little love affairs with elderly ladies, and grateful, should not be confused with the atrocious cruelties and inhumanities that existed in France and had existed for a hundred years and more.

A wise man of the East was once eating his dinner of dried figs, and at the same time explaining to an admiring group the beauties of a purely vegetable diet.

¶ "Look at your figs through this," said a scientist present, handing the man a microscope ☙ The pundit looked and saw his precious figs were covered with crawling microbes.

He handed the microscope back and said, "Friend, keep your glass, the bugs no longer exist."

Jean Jacques handed the peasantry of France a reading glass; Voltaire did as much for the nobility ☙



EAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU was born in Switzerland, which land, as all folks know, has produced her full quota and more of reformers. The father of Jean Jacques quite naturally, was a watch maker, with main-spring ill-adjusted and dial askew, according to the report of the son, who claimed to be full jeweled, but was not perfectly adjusted to position and temperature. Jean Jacques tells us that his first misfortune was his birth, and this cost his mother her life. He was adopted by time and chance and fed by fate. When the lad was ten the father fled from Geneva to escape the penalty of a foolish brawl and never again saw the son who was to rescue the family name from oblivion.

Kinsmen of the mother gave the boy into the hands of a retired clergyman who levied polite blackmail on his former constituents by asking them to place children, their own and others, in his hands that they might be taught the way of life—and that the clergyman might live, which, according to Whistlerian philosophy, was unnecessary.

That the boy was clever, shrewd, quick to learn, secretive as castaway children ever are, can well be

understood. He became a secretary, an engineer, a valet, a waiter, working life's gamut backward, thus proving that in human service there is no high nor low degree, only this—he, at this time, knew nothing about human service—he was fighting for existence.

¶ Knowledge comes through desire, but where desire comes from no man can say. It surely is not a matter of will.

Jean Jacques had a hunger for knowledge, and this, some wise men say, is the precious legacy of mother to son. He wanted to know!

And it was this desire that shaped his career.

He asked questions of priests all day long, because he was filled with the fallacy that priests knew the secrets of the unknowable and were on friendly terms with God ❧ ❧

To escape importunity a priest sent him to Madame de Warens. Now Madame was a widow, rich and volatile, filled with a holy religious zeal ❧ Where religion begins and sex ends no man can say—the books are silent and revelation is dumb. Indeed there be those who are so bold as to say that art, love and religion are one.

Leaving this to the specialists, let us simply say that the love of learning landed Jean Jacques, aged seventeen, poetic and philosophic vagabond, into the precious care of Madame de Warens who kept a religious retreat for novitiates intent on the ideal life.

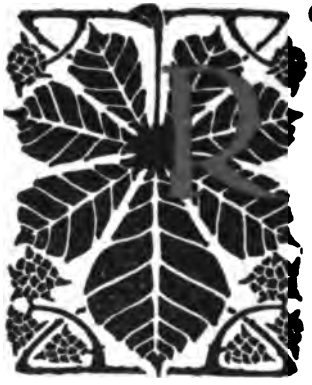
The religion of Mohamet made converts in numbers like unto the sands of the desert because they were promised a paradise peopled by dark-eyed houris. Orthodoxy got its hold by a promise of rest, idleness and freedom from responsibility ❧ The heaven into which Jean Jacques slipped was a combination of all that Allah, Gabriel and the seductive dreams of Moody, Sankey and such could provide ❧ Science founded on truth can never be popular until mankind further evolves, since it offers nothing better than toil and difficulty, and after each achievement increased work as a reward for work. This condition stands no show when compared with a heaven that gives harps that never require tuning, robes that need not be laundered, and mansions that demand no plumbing. ¶ Jean Jacques lived an ideal existence; he was the guest, pupil, servant and lover of the Religious Lady who kept the Religious Retreat. Also he was immune from responsibility ❧ But Paradise has one serious objection—the serpent. This time the serpent was jealousy. Whenever the Religious Lady had guests of quality, the snake sank its fangs deep into the quivering flesh of her valet-lover. Thus does the Law of Compensation never rest.

"What is your favorite book?" asked Ralph Waldo Emerson of George Eliot.

And the answer was, "Rousseau's Confessions."

And Emerson's counter confession was, "So is it

mine." ¶ Elizabeth Barrett Browning nibbled at the same cheese. But the belief now is that "Rousseau's Confessions" is largely constructive truth, as differentiated from fact, and constructive truth is the thing which might have happened but did not. "Rousseau's Confessions" is a psychological study of hopes, desires, aspirations, and hesitations, flavored with regrets ❧ All literature is confession—vicarious confession. The gentle reader has the joy of doing the thing, and escaping the penalty.



OUSSEAU'S first literary effort to attract attention was written in his thirty-ninth year. It was merely an exercise penned with intent to show that so-called civilization had really polluted mankind and done more harm than good.

The essay was a subtle indictment of the times, with the French Government in mind, all from the standpoint of a Swiss ❧ And it convinced at least one man—the author—of the truth of its allegations.

At this time there were in France over a hundred

offenses punishable by death. In the coronation oath of the King was a clause promising that he would exterminate all heretics. Just how this was to be done, the King left to experts ❧ The lettre de cachet, or secret arrest, was in full swing and very popular among princes and church officials high in authority. Any suspected man could be removed from family and friends as though the earth had swallowed him. He went out to drive, or walk, or to work, and was seen no more. Search was vain and inquiry useless—aye, worse, it might involve the inquirer ❧ The writ of habeas corpus was as yet a barren hypothesis.

Common people had no rights—they were merely granted privileges, one of which was the privilege to live until the order went out that the man should die. ¶ Confessions were wrung from men and women by the use of the rack, twistings, blows, indignities, an exact description of which could not be printed. These details were left to priests, pious men who did their work with pious zeal and therefore were not accountable. Church and State were wedded. To doubt scripture was to be in league against the state. Heresy and treason were one. To laugh at a priest might be death. To fail to attend mass and pay was to run a risk.

Lords and bishops held vast estates and paid no taxes. Grain was not allowed to flow from parish to parish but was held in check by prohibitive tariffs. The King, himself, speculated in bread-stuffs and banked on

famine, for royalty was exempt from all tariff law. Thus was food made a monopoly ❧ To petition was construed as an insult to the crown and treated accordingly.

Most estates held serfs who were not allowed to leave the premises of their lord on penalty of death—they belonged to the land.

Officers in the army had the right to beat their soldiers, and if the soldier raised a hand to protect himself, he could be legally killed.

All skilled labor was in the hands of the guilds. These guilds got their charters from the crown. They fixed prices, regulated the number of apprentices, and decided who should work and who should not ❧ To work at an art without a license from the guild was punishable by fine and imprisonment; to repeat the offense was death. Citizens could neither sell their labor nor buy the labor of their neighbors or families, without permission. The guild was master, and the guild got its authority by dividing profits with a corrupt court. Thus a few laborers received very high wages, but for the many there was no work. The guild made common cause with the priest and peer ❧ The collection of taxes was farmed out to the "farmers-general" that kept half it got. When the yearly contract was signed, the Secretary of State was given a present called "The Bottle of Wine," by the successful bidders. This present was in cash and varied

anywhere from fifty to a hundred thousand francs. Where the custom began, no one knew, but it ended with Turgot who turned in a perquisite that had been made him, of seventy thousand francs to the government treasury, and issued an order that no official should accept a present of money from a government contractor.

Needless to say Turgot was regarded as an unsafe person, and his official career cut short.

Thomas E. Watson, in his most interesting book, "The Story of France," says:

The Catholic church was a huge religious monopoly. Its hierarchy was intrenched in a power before which the king himself was a secondary potentate ☙ Then followed those consequences which have always followed when too much power is granted to any set of men. The Catholic church absorbed much of the wealth of the land. The higher priesthood became an aristocracy, imitating in every respect the feudal aristocracy which was rich, idle and licentious. Just as the state regarded the subject from the standpoint of taxpayer only; just as the state imposed upon the common people all the burdens of government while denying them the benefits; so the nobility of the Catholic church lived sumptuously, lazily, licentiously —shirking their duties, forgetting the responsibilities of their sacred calling, neglecting the flock committed to their care, allowing ignorance and superstition to take full possession of the minds of the common people.

In the records of the human race there can bo found

no evidence more damning to absolutism and the union of church and state than is to be found in the degraded, besotted condition of the common people of France immediately preceding the French Revolution. ¶ All France was orthodox ❧ The masses believed. With boundless credulity they knelt at the foot of the priest.

Yet what had the priest done for them? Had he introduced books among them? No ❧ Liberal ideas? No. Schools? No. Information upon such matters as concerned their material welfare? No. Had the church ever pleaded the peasant's case at the bar of public opinion? No. Ever besought the king to lighten the weight of his heavy hand? No. Ever protested against feudal wrongs? No. Ever shown the least desire that the condition of the masses should be improved? No. ¶ Royalist writers dwell scornfully upon the ignorance, brutality and prejudice of the lower orders in France at the time of the Revolution—let them write ever so scornfully, the lower they degrade the peasant, the higher mounts the evidence and the indignation against those who had been his keepers!

This government of France had been absolute ❧ The state and the church, the king and the priest, had had entire control. The people had no voice, no vote, no power. They had never been consulted ❧ The entire responsibility had been assumed by the monarch and his privileged few—and here was the result. Theirs was the tree, theirs the fruit. "Whatsoever a man sow, that also shall he reap;" and the crimes, the ignorance, the brutality, the poverty, the misery of the masses of the French people in 1789, stands as a permanent judgment of condemnation against the ruling classes,

who were responsible for the material, mental and spiritual condition of a people who had so long been under their absolute control.



OUSSEAU, the subtly silent, the handsome, the bewitchingly melancholic, lived his subterranean life until he was forty-two. Then he was dogged out of Paris by the police and soon after appeared in his native Geneva after an absence of twenty-five years. He was accompanied by his wife Therese, her mother, and his dog Duke.

This mating between Jean Jacques and Therese was a happy one ❧ She could neither read nor write, nor did she care to. Yet she had an idolatrous regard for her liege and he read aloud to her and his mother-in-law every evening what he had written during the day. At every pause in the reading the old lady without understanding a word of it, would interject, "This is very fine!" And Therese would skilfully transform a yawn into a sigh of delight, roll her eyes in a transport of joy and say nothing.

This was just what was required, and all that was

required, save a chronic quarrel with influential friends, to keep Rousseau in good literary fighting form.

"A wife who is in competition with her husband, or who has just enough mind to detect his faults is the extinguisher of genius," said Goethe, who lived up to his blue china and referred to his wife as a convenient loaf of brown bread, which he declared was much more nourishing than cake, having tried both.

Just outside Geneva, at Les Delices, Voltaire had built his private theatre, where he used to invite the favored children of Calvin to witness the drama. Voltaire being a playwright and without prejudice in the matter, had even suggested a municipal theatre for Geneva. This brought forth from Jean Jacques a scorching pamphlet on the seductive deviltry of the drama, wherein it was pointed out that the downfall of every nation that had gone by the boards, had begun its slide to Avernus in its love of the play. In this essay Rousseau expressed the view of orthodox Geneva, where the traditions of Calvin still survived. "The theatre stands for luxury, idleness, sensuality and all that is feverish and base; private theatres are private bagnios," wrote Rousseau. Probably Rousseau when he began to write, did not care anything about the matter one way or the other. But Voltaire had neglected to invite him to a "first night," and now he was getting even. As he wrote he convinced himself.

"He is like an oven that is too hot," said Voltaire;

"it burns everything that is put into it." Then when Voltaire found that Rousseau's pamphlet was really making a splash in the sea of books, he got mad and called Rousseau a "dog of Diogenes," "that Punchinello of letters," "the fanfaron of ink," and other choice epithets.

Every knock being a boost, then as now, Rousseau found himself lifted into the domain of successful authorship. His income was less than a hundred pounds a year—Voltaire's was two or three thousand pounds, but he had all he needed, and things were coming his way

Voltaire represented the nobilty—Rousseau stood for the people And Geneva being but a big village—twenty-four thousand inhabitants—the battle of the giants was watched by the neighbors with interest Rousseau was a member of the Protestant Church; Voltaire called himself a Catholic—so little do labels count

Voltaire lived in a palace and rode in a coach with out-riders; Rousseau trudged on foot alone. Solitary, he would take his piece of dry bread and grape leaf full of cherries and wander to the woods or on the mountain side, stopping and sitting on a bowlder to write on his ever faithful pad when the thought came. "I have to walk ten miles to get a thousand words," he said In Geneva at this time lived Diderot and D'Alembert, literary refugees, busy at that first encyclopedia. They

ran a kind of a literary clearing house and gave piece work to everybody who could write and had two ideas to jingle against each other. Both Rousseau and Voltaire, whenever they were in the mood, wrote for the encyclopedia. Finally Voltaire started a dictionary of his own ❧ ❧

Geneva at this time must have been a very attractive place to live ❧ There were men there who wrote like geniuses and quarrelled like children ❧ Father Taylor said that if Emerson were sent to hell, he would start emigration in that direction. The refugees from France made Geneva popular, and all the bickering added spice to existence and made exile tolerable.

Rousseau persistently flocked alone and made much dole because his friends forsook him. Then when they went to see him he complained because they would not leave him alone. Diderot accused him of insincerity because he changed the name of his dog from "Duke" to "Turk," for fear of offending Madame d'Epinay who gave him a cottage rent free. "He is a dwarf, mounted on stilts," said Baron Grimm.

And all the time Jean Jacques wandered on the mountain side, ate his brown bread and cherries, talked to himself and wrote, and got back home in the twilight to present the day's catch of ideas to Therese and the fat mother-in-law, who at the right time always said, "This is very fine!" And Rousseau, full jeweled, but unreliable as a horologue, loved them both, second

only to his dog, Turk, who lay at his feet and occasionally pounded his tail on the floor to prove that he was still awake and that the sentiments were his, and that he agreed with the old lady—"This is very fine!" The quarrels of Jean Jacques with all three were only a quarrel with himself.



HAVING entertained Voltaire for a year, Frederick the Great shot this winged arrow, "If I had a province to punish I would give it to a philosopher to govern."

Rousseau is flowery and often over-sentimental. But it can be assumed that he himself always knew what he meant. Yet he has given rise to much loose thinking. His references to "The Book of Nature," for instance, were worked overtime by zealous converts. It will be recalled how Chief Justice Marshall paralyzed a poetic attorney in mid-flight, who referred to the Book of Nature by looking over his glasses and saying, "One moment, please, while I take down the page and paragraph of that passage in the volume to which counsel has just kindly referred us."

It is the penalty of all original thinking that it inspires fools to unseemliness as well as wise men to action.

¶ Napolean Bonaparte said, "Had there been no Rousseau, there would have been no Revolution."

And George Sand said, "To blame 'The Social Contract' for the Revolution is like blaming the Gospels for the massacre of St. Bartholomew."

George Sand is literary, but wrong since Marat, Mirabeau, Robespierre, got their arguments directly from Rousseau, and no one I ever heard made an appeal to Scripture as a defence for murdering thirty thousand men, women and children. Mirabeau quotes this from Rousseau in self defence: "No true believer can be a persecutor. If I were a magistrate and the law inflicted death on an atheist, I should begin to put it into execution by burning the first man who should accuse or persecute another."

Jefferson and Franklin both read "The Social Contract" in the original French, and quoted from it in giving reasons why it was not only the right, but the duties of the Colonies to separate from Great Britain. Rousseau fired the heart and inspired the brain of Thomas Paine to write the pamphlet, "Commonsense," which, more than any other one influence, brought about the American Revolution.

Jefferson especially was fascinated by Rousseau, and in his library was a well thumbed copy of "The Social Contract," marked and re-marked on page and margin.

Paine and Jefferson were the only men connected with the strenuous times of 1776 who had a distinct literary style—who worked epigram and antithesis ❧ And the style of each is identical with the other ❧ That Paine wrote the first draft of the Declaration of Independence needs no argument for the literary connoisseur—he simply says, "read it." ❧ But while we know that both Paine and Jefferson fed on Rousseau for ten years, it is not so clear that they collaborated. They got their information from the same source—one in England and the other in America, and met with minds mature.

¶ As Victor Hugo gave the key to the modern American stylists, so did the stylists—and precious few there were—of 1776 trace to Jean Jacques ❧ The man who wrote the "Junius Letters" had only one model.

That opening phrase of the Declaration, "We hold these truths to be self-evident," is a literal translation from Jean Jacques.

Rev. Joseph Parker once said to me, "I always begin strong and I end strong, for only your first phrase and your last will be remembered, if remembered at all, by the average listener."

Jean Jacques begins strong. The first words of "The Social Contract" are, "Man is born free, but is everywhere enslaved."

Does not that remind you of the not-to-be-forgotten opening words of "The Crisis?" "These are the times that try men's souls."

Rousseau says, "Every individual who opposes himself to the general will ought to be restrained by the whole body, which signifies nothing else than that they force him to be free." That is, he is no longer fit to receive the benefits of the social contract since he refused to pay the price.

The argument of "The Social Contract" is, that in all and every form of government the people enter into an agreement with the prince or ruler, agreeing to waive the mutual right of freedom in consideration of his seeing to it that laws shall be passed and enforced giving the greatest good to the greatest number.

And this led to that shibboleth of the Revolution, "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality." Only when it was written by Jean Jacques twenty years before it ran thus, "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—or Death." The final word was too strong for even his fiery followers to digest. But once understood it means that if either prince or pauper refuses to sign the Social Contract and live for all, death then must be his portion. For and in considertion of this interest in the peace and welfare of all, theprince is given honors and is allowed to call himself "a ruler." If, however, at any time the prince should so forget his sacred office as to work for private gain or for a favored few then he is guilty of a breach of the contract, and the people owe to themselves the duty of deposition or revolution. Just as Nature, when a man's body is no more fit for service,

kills the man, so must we kill the office and begin anew. ¶ And this was to cause Thomas Paine to say in the Chamber of Deputies when the execution of Louis XVI. was under discussion, "I vote to kill the kingly office, not the man."

The following passages taken at random from Jean Jacques might safely be attributed to either Paine, Jefferson or "Junius:"

Wherever theological intolerance is admitted, it is impossible that it should not have some civil effect; and so soon as it has, the sovereign is no longer sovereign even in secular matters: the priests become the real masters, and kings are only their officers. Whoever dares to say, Beyond the Church there is no salvation, ought to be driven from the State.

I perceive God in all His works; I feel Him in myself; I see Him all around me; but as soon as I contemplate His nature, as soon as I try to find out where He is, what He is, what is His substance, He eludes my gaze; my imagination is overwhelmed. I do not therefore reason about Him, for it is more injurious to the Deity to think wrongly of Him than not to think of Him at all.

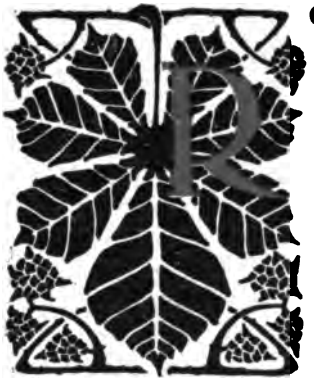
By equality we do not mean that all individuals shall have the same degree of wealth and power, but only, with respect to the former that no citizen shall be rich enough to buy another, and that none shall be so poor as to be obliged to sell himself.

Almost everything conspires to deprive a man brought up to command others of the principles of reason and justice ❧ Great pains are taken, it is said, to teach young princes the art of reigning; it does not, however, appear that they profit much by their education. The greatest monarchs are those who have never been trained to rule ❧ It is a science of which those who know least succeed best; and it is acquired better by studying obedience than command.

Did there exist a nation of gods, their government would doubtless be democratic; it is too perfect for mankind.

The individual by giving himself up to all, gives himself up to none; and there is no member over whom he does not acquire the same right as that which he gives up himself. He gains an equivalent for what he loses, and a still greater power to preserve what he has. If, therefore, we take from the social contract everything which is not essential to it, we shall find it reduced to the following terms: Each of us puts his person and his power under the superior direction of the general will of all, and, as a collective body, receive each member into that body as an indivisible part of the whole.

GREAT REFORMERS—J. J. Rousseau



OUSSEAU was born in 1712, and died in 1778 ❧ He wrote four books that are yet being read ❧ These books are the "Confessions," "The Social Contract," "Emile," and "The New Heloise." I give the titles in order of popularity. It is easy to say that people read the "Confessions" for the same reason that they read "Peregrine Pickle" and "Tom Jones," it being one of those peculiar books labeled by our French friends "risque." ❧ But its salacious features are only incidental, and of themselves would not have kept it afloat upon the tide of the times. The author, dead over a hundred years, must have said something to keep men still reading and discussing him ❧ ❧

Rousseau dealt with the elemental impulses of men and women ❧ His cry, "Back to Nature," is still the shibboleth of a great many good men, from Parson Wagner to Theodore Roosevelt. Between the nobility and orthodox Christianity, Nature was in a bad way in Rousseau's time. The nobles thought to improve on her, and the preachers told the people that what was natural was base. God was good, but Nature and the Devil were playing a game and the stakes were

the souls of men. There are many people still haunted with the hallucination that to trust your impulses is to be damned.

Rousseau described human nature, and being truthful, some of it he pictured as rude, crude and coarse. But on the other hand he showed much that was redeeming—traits of beauty, truth, gentleness, consideration, worth and aspirations that reached the skies. To trust humanity, he thought, was the only way humanity could be redeemed ❧ He believed that blunders were sources of power, since by them we came to distinguish between right and wrong ❧ He was the first man to say, "That country is governed best which is governed least." ❧ He gave Horace Walpole the cue for the mot, "When the people of Paris speak of the Garden of Eden they always think of Versailles."

Rousseau is the first man of modern times to show us the beauty of nature in her wild and uncultivated attire ❧ And he, more than any other man who can be named, turned the attention of society towards nature-study as a refining force ❧ Read this from "Emile":

¶ It was summer; we arose at break of day. He led me outside the town to a high hill, below which the Po wound its way; in the distance the immense chains of the Alps crowned the landscape; the rays of the rising sun struck athwart the plains, and projected on the fields the long shadows of the trees, the slopes, the houses, enriching by a thousand accidents of light the loveliest prospect which the human eye could behold.

Rousseau is the spiritual ancestor of John Burroughs, Thompson-Seton, and all our scientific, unscientific and sentimental friends who flood us with nature stories—fiction, fake or fact.

In his "Emile" he outlines our so-called pedagogic new-thought methods. Birds' nests, bumblebees, hornets' nests, leaves, buds, flowers, grasses, mosses, are school room properties to which he often refers. To a great degree he replaced the ferule, cat-o-nine-tails, dunce cap, musty, dusty books, tear-stained slates, awful examples and punishments of a hundred lines of Virgil, by wholesome good cheer and limpid forgetfullness of self in drawing pictures of spiders and noting the difference between a wasp and a bee, a butterfly and a moth, a frog and a toad, a mushroom and a toadstool. And so the reason Rousseau is read is because there is much in his work that is essentially modern. No thinker writes on political economy without quoting the "Social Contract," either for the sake of bolstering his own argument, or to show the folly of Jean Jacques. And I submit that as long as we feel it necessary to refute an author, Andrew Lang may expect letters from him any time, for although dead, he yet lives.



HERE ENDETH VOLUME XXI OF THE LITTLE JOURNEYS, THE SAME BEING TO THE HOMES OF GREAT REFORMERS AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD. THE TITLE-PAGE AND INITIALS DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS, AND THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK, MCMVII